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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

VOL. II.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

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BY

FLORENCE MARRYAT

(MRS. ROSS CHURCH).

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

CHAPTER I.

America—Visits West Point—New York—Saratoga Springs—Niagara Falls—Toronto, where he gives a toast—Philadelphia.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT sailed from Portsmouth for America, in the passenger vessel *Quebec*, on the 3rd of April, 1837, and reached New York on the 4th of May, from which place he wrote to announce his arrival to his mother.

"New York, May 9.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I write to save the packet to let you know that I am safe arrived here,

where everybody is in a state of anxiety and distress. Upwards of three hundred of the best houses have failed, and all the rest will probably follow. The banks are not expected to be able to hold up, and when they go there will be a general smash. Not a very pleasant time to pay a visit to New York. Nevertheless they are very kind and attentive, and I am not a little lionised. I am hardly settled yet, and I do not yet know what I am about; but I have left the hotel, and am now in very quiet rooms. I wrote to Uncle Tucker and enclosed your letter, but I have not yet received an answer from him. I understand that one of his sons-in-law is very ill at Boston, and not expected to live. A Dr. Cunningham called upon me the day before yesterday, and took me to see a first cousin, Adelina Amory, to whom he is engaged to be married. She appears to be a very nice girl. I have no time to write any more; it is half-past nine, and they are closing the bag, as the packet

sails a quarter before eleven. I will write to you again as soon as I am a little more settled; this is merely to let you know I am well. Give my kindest love to Ellen, and all the members of the family, when you meet them; and believe me, in the greatest haste,

"Yours, very truly,

"FREDERICK MARRYAT."

On first landing in the country he had a great deal of prejudice to contend against; the Americans, not waiting to judge him on his own merits, but suspecting, from the conduct of some of his predecessors, that he had crossed the Atlantic solely as a spy, and with the object of making a book that would sell, naturally enough set up their backs at the supposed intruder, and received him with more animosity than kindness. But this untoward circumstance, being one entirely of personal feeling, was not dwelt upon by Captain Marryat in his work on

America, nor did he ever speak of the Americans but as a grand and rising people. Had he lived to renew his acquaintance with them, he would doubtless have spoken of them as a grander people still—a people who know how to forgive, as was evidenced by their cordial reception of Charles Dickens, on his second appearance amongst them. And the little hostility which existed between some of them and Captain Marryat would not have been touched on here, if the omission of it would not have destroyed a link in his biography. After remaining a month at New York, during which time "this distinguished author" consented to furnish a paper for the *Mirror*, he went to West Point, where the editors of the *Philadelphia Gazette* and the *New York Herald* appear to have had a squabble respecting his whereabouts, the former "hailing the arrival of 'Peter Simple' at Sanderson's Hotel, in that city," and the latter, after the assertion that he was not

in Philadelphia at all, adding: "Whether he will go to Sanderson's when he visits this town is more than can be yet declared; but we should, from old partialities, recommend Head's. The editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette*, however (like a better known editor in Little Pedlington), is "right in the main," and has the last word:—

"The statement, however, which we saw in print, and on the faith of which we composed our own announcement, will be true one of these days, to our certain knowledge. If he of the Royal Navy *had* been in town yesterday, he would have had a busy dexter; for we are told that the calls at his putative lodgings were very numerous. There is a general disposition here to give him a taste of brotherly love.—Ed. *Phil. Gaz.*"

From West Point, Captain Marryat went to Boston, where he was received with much hospitality and kindness, and enthusiastically claimed as a fellow citizen, the

following paragraph on the subject appearing in the *New England Galaxy:*

"MARRYAT A BOSTON BOY.

"This popular writer is, on the mother's side, of Boston extraction. His maternal grandfather, the late Frederick Geyer, was, for many years, an eminent merchant of this city. He left three daughters who were born in the ancient house in Summer Street, now occupied by S. P. Gordon, Esq. One of them married Mr. Belcher of Halifax, another Mr. Tucker of Bellows Falls, and Charlotte, who was distinguished for her talents and literary taste, became the wife of Marryat, an Englishman of family and fortune. Captain Marryat was the issue of this marriage."

By the 4th of July he was back again in New York, and on that day was invited to dine with the mayor and corporation of the city. A nautical drama of his, entitled 'The Ocean Wolf; or, the Channel Outlaw,'

was produced about this time at the Bowery, and criticised with much generosity:

"No one familiar with Capt. Marryat's novels, the flow and naturalness of their conversation and their melodramatic capacities, could doubt of his success in a drama of this description. We will confess, however, that we were somewhat apprehensive that his first attempt at a drama would disappoint those who were acquainted with him as a novelist. Our fears were quite unnecessary. The success of the 'Ocean Wolf' was complete, and we are almost disposed to award it unqualified praise. The characters are well drawn and strongly marked. The situations are in a high degree dramatic and effective. The plot is well developed and continuous, with nothing to embarrass its action."

Captain Marryat next visited Saratoga Springs, the Scarborough of the United States; which he found so densely crowded that he left again at the end of a week;

but not before he had been most cordially received and entertained by the inhabitants, the speech he made at a dinner party retailed in the papers, and the fact of the "celebrated novelist having arrived in town" much descanted upon.

"This distinguished writer is at present a sojourner in our city. Before we knew the gallant Captain was respiring our balmy air, we really did wonder what laughing gas had imbued our atmosphere—every one we met in the streets appeared to be in such a state of jollification; but when we heard that the author of 'Peter Simple' was actually puffing a cigar amongst us we no longer marvelled at the pleasant countenances of our fellow citizens. He has often made them laugh when he was thousands of miles away.. Surely now it is but natural that they ought to be tickled to death at the idea of having him present."

So courted indeed and flattered was he by the fashionable visitors at Saratoga Springs,

that a certain "Mr. Toadey," taking umbrage at the conduct of his fellow citizens, gives vent to his indignation in the following sarcastic letter to the *New York Transcript*:

"MOVEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE.

"*Interesting Movements of Captain Marryat.*

"As the slightest movements of illustrious men—and especially of those who visit us from foreign countries—are matters of very deep interest to the American public, perhaps we cannot do a more acceptable service than to lay before them the following letter, relating, as it does, to a much admired stranger, now travelling in this country:

"'Saratoga Springs, July, 1837.

"'Captain Marryat dined yesterday on roast beef, which he ate very heartily—accompanying each mouthful with a plentiful coat of mustard, a sizeable piece of potato, and a large bit of bread-and-butter. He did not use any cayenne pepper, and he was

observed to turn up his nose very perceptibly at a dish of buttered turnips that were tendered to him. Why he should object to buttered turnips—not being in the secrets of the gallant captain—I really cannot pretend to say. But as he is known to be a man of admirable taste, I dare say he has the best reason in the world for eschewing—that is, in other words, for refusing to chew —buttered turnips.

"'After his beef the captain ate a large slice of boiled mutton, with an accompaniment of capers. While thus employed, he was observed to make some remarks to a portly gentleman who had the honour of sitting at his right hand. What was the precise nature of those remarks—as I had the misfortune to sit at some distance from him, and there was, moreover, a great clatter of knives and forks—I cannot really say. But it is shrewdly suspected—and indeed there is very little reason to doubt—that they had some relation to the interest-

ing subject before him, viz., the mutton and the capers. And this belief is rendered the more probable by the peculiar air and manner of the Captain, during those brief remarks.

'"The mutton, with the accompanying capers, being despatched, the illustrious author of 'Peter Simple' next took a plate of lobster, which he was observed to dress in a very peculiar manner, by putting on oil, vinegar, mustard, and cayenne pepper; which he mixed up in the proportion to two oils to one vinegar, two vinegars to one mustard, and two mustards to one cayenne pepper. Having put these condiments fairly upon the lobster, which he had previously hashed up with his knife, he wrought up the ingredients—including the hashed lobster—into a uniform mass; which he presently devoured with the appearance of surprising relish—all the time holding his fork in his right hand and a piece of bread in his left.

"'And here, it is but justice to the gallant Captain to observe in a very particular manner, that, although he uses a knife, like Americans, to cut his food, he eats with his fork alone—whether it be roast beef, plum-pudding, hashed lobster, smashed potatoes, or whatever else happens to be the interesting subject before him. And this he invariably does by holding his fork in his right hand; which, as soon as he has finished cutting his food, he changes with remarkable grace and dexterity, from his left hand, in which it had been held during the operation of cutting.

"'Captain Marryat made no further addition to his dinner until the arrival of the pudding; when, being respectfully interrogated by the waiter whether he would have plum or Indian pudding, he looked the waiter in the face, with a very comical expression—which highly becomes him—and asked him if the Indian pudding was real aboriginal?

"'"Anan," said the waiter.

"'"What is its composition?" asked the captain.

"'"Anan," reiterated the waiter.

"'"Has it a little touch of the tomahawk?" said the Captain, looking more quizzical than ever.

"'The waiter now began to perceive that the Captain was joking. And so, as he is a well-bred waiter, for an American, he paid the Captain the compliment of laughing heartily at his joke. It is thus that the agreeable author of 'Peter Simple' is daily winning golden opinions from all sorts of men, even from those of the humblest rank.

"'Having finished joking with the waiter, Captain Marryat said he would take some of the Indian pudding; but he should want a tomahawk to cut it with, and ordered the waiter, with a great appearance of gravity, to bring him one. But as the latter assured him that they had no such furniture about the establishment, the gallant Captain, with

great condescension, and again relaxing into a smile, told him he would despatch the pudding with a fork; which he did, talking between mouthfuls very affably to the portly gentleman on his right hand.

"'The Captain finally finished his dinner with a piece of pie. And here again he exhibited that pleasant readiness at a joke which renders his company so agreeable. When the waiter asked him if he would have pie, and whether he would prefer gooseberry or rhubarb, the Captain stared at him very comically, and demanded whether he had any *jalap* pie, as he should much prefer that to *rhubarb*.

"'This good-natured and very admirable sally produced a hearty laugh from all who were so fortunate as to hear it; and those who were out of ear-shot, we were pleased to observe, seemed to enjoy the Captain's wit, as it were, by mere sympathy; for they laughed louder even than those who heard it.

"'I had not the honour of especially taking wine with Captain Marryat; because, as I sat at some distance from him, and not diametrically opposite, I was so unfortunate as to be unable directly to catch his eye; and as for elevating my voice so as to be heard amid the happy din of merriment, and the joyful jingle of glasses, *that* I found to be quite impracticable.

"'But this disappointment was more than made up by the honour I enjoyed of sitting within a few feet of him, after the company had left the table. I saw him distinctly, on that occasion, put his hand into his left breeches pocket, take out his toothpick—which was made of silver, of a semi-spiral form—and deliberately, but with infinite grace, go through the interesting operation of picking his teeth. This he had, with a delicacy which always attends on genius, refrained from doing as long as he sat at table.

"'Having finished picking his teeth, as he sat talking, and at the same time care-

lessly playing with his toothpick, he happened to let it fall on the carpet. Thinking this a fortunate opportunity to commence an acquaintance with the illustrious author of 'Peter Simple,' I immediately left my seat, approached the place where he sat, and lifting the fallen toothpick with as much grace of manner as I was capable of assuming, presented it to the gallant Captain. He put his hand in his right breeches pocket and pulled out half an English crown, which he insisted upon my accepting. Though the design exhibited a noble generosity, worthy of its distinguished author—and though the action was performed with inimitable politeness—nevertheless, as I had no mercenary motives whatever in picking up the pick, and besides, had a full half dollar (though in shin-plasters) in my pocket at the time—I respectfully declined the offer; at the same time assuring the gallant Captain that I was a thousand times overpaid for the trifling service I had done

him, by the opportunity thus afforded me of making his acquaintance.

"'I was going on to say something very complimentary in regard to his wit, genius, and literary reputation, when the bell rang for tea, and I was somehow, unfortunately, separated from him. I will give you more particulars respecting his movements hereafter. At present, adieu!

"'THOMAS TOADEY.'

The following remarks, which appeared in the New York *Mirror*, prove that even at that time there were American publishers honourable and upright enough to confess that an author has some claim to remuneration for his labour, though no copyright law is in force between his country and their own:

"*Captain Marryat and the Book Manufacturers.*—The following just and eloquent epistle will be perused with sorrow and chagrin by the admirers of the author of

'Peter Simple,' and with a feeling of indignant pleasure by each true partisan of our patriotic 'book manufacturers.' How a man who has seen so much of the world as Captain Marryat could have conceived that he had any natural right of property in his own productions, we cannot imagine. But still more strange is it that our 'eastern capitalists' should be so misled by this presumptuous 'foreigner,' as to share his delusion, and form a coalition to 'run down our western manufactories, and thereby take the living from our labouring class of society.' As for Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelpha, who, it seems, have made themselves so active in this unhappy business, we consider it our duty to expose their underhand and oppressive conduct, and set their transactions before the public in a way that shall make them an example to all such daring monopolisers. The date of the letter here given, will show that it has taken us some time to get to the bottom of

this nefarious business, but the completeness and unanswerable character of its statements prove that our labours have not been in vain:

"'Cincinnati, July 18, 1837.

"' MESSRS. CAREY AND HART:

"' GENTLEMEN,—Yours, through Mr. L. Johnson, reached us some time since we will sell you our plates for Snarleyyow. at 80 cts per 1000. ms. at 6 mos. and will not Publish the Balance of it, we have all the information in Point of LAW. to satisfy us that Capt Marryatt has no more right to this work than we have, the case is a peculiar one and we think our Business will not be injured by a Foreigner attempting to Prevent us from manufacturing Books that are and have been considered and acted upon as common Property, the western People see the necessity of our manufacturing for ourselves, and any forcible attempt by Foreign or Eastern capitalist to run down our manufactories, and thereby take

the living from our Labouring class of society will not be popular to say the least of it, We are not disposed to take any work that Justly belongs to another, and if you take our plates we will go no farther in this matter if not we will finish it and any other of his works that may be to our interest to do. an answer by return of mail will oblige yours Resp.

"'J. A. JAMES AND CO.'

"Now, can anything be more conclusive than this argument of the patriotic and intelligent Messrs. J. A. James and Co., of Cincinnati? Proud 'Athens of the West,' canst thou boast the birth of these asserters of a freeman's rights? or have they imbibed the true Athenian spirit only from breathing thy classic atmosphere? 'Captain Marryat has no more right to this work than we have!' Most assuredly not. His literary property in this country is outlawed by the Act upon our statute-books;

and as the law thus refuses to protect him, it is the duty of every good man to seize upon and spoil one who can thus assert no legal right to the produce of his labours. Nay, more, these foreign *littérateurs*, after we have taken their property from them, ought to be hunted down, and expelled the country, as the Jews have been frequently driven from Christian lands, where they presumed to ask protection for their manufactures, as if, forsooth, a Jew could have any ownership in the work of his hands when the law did not secure it to him! 'The western people see the necessity of manufacturing books for ourselves'—the spirit of independence has cleared their mental vision—a noble impulse of patriotism animates them. Let us all kindle our torches at the same holy altar, and raise an intellectual blaze that will consume these foreign authors, and make dim those dull fires which dotard Europe expects us to help her in feeding. But although, at

length, we do 'see the necessity of manufacturing books for ourselves,' let us still practise our natural right of despoiling others of their property; let us go on in the so-called piratical traffic of human intellect. Let us steal and sell the 'Peter Simples,' the 'Japhets,' the 'Jacob Faithfuls,' and all other ideal persons of whom American law takes no cognisance; and let us resist every attempt to repeal this most profitable kind of slave-trade, as an aggression upon the rights of freemen!"

It is to be concluded, however, that Captain Marryat subsequently succeeded in pointing out the "path of virtue" to Messrs. Carey and Hart, for in the November of the following year they entered into an agreement with him to furnish them with proof-sheets of his 'Diary in America' and 'Phantom Ship' a month prior to their publication in London for the sum of two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; and provided no one else published the

works in America within thirty days from the date they issued from their press, a further amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. The 'Phantom Ship' first appeared as a serial in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' in 1837 and 1838; besides a shorter tale entitled 'Ralph Restless,' and some articles, since republished as part of 'Olla Podrida.'

The following letter was written whilst on his journey :—

"October, 1837.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have been so occupied and have been moving about so fast that I really have had time to write to hardly anybody, and I put off a letter to you till I had a more quiet moment; but as it appears that moment is never to come, I now write to you on board of a steamer on Lake Erie. You have, of course, heard from the Tuckers* that I went up to Boston for a few

* His mother's relations.

days to see some of them; indeed all except Mrs. C—— and Mr. Tucker himself, who was mending his bridge and could not leave his work; they were all very kind, but I like poor Mrs. G—— better than any of them.

"I have since been a tour of the Lakes, and have travelled some thousand miles. I went up the Hudson, crossed to Saratoga, Trenton Falls, Falls of the Mohawk, Oswego River to Lake Ontario; then to Niagara, Buffalo, and to Lake Erie—to Detroit; from Detroit to Lake St. Clair, and Lake Huron to Mackinan, from Mackinan took a bark canoe and crossed the Huron, went up the River St. Clair to the Sault St. Marie, and from thence to Lake Superior. The latter part of the journey, five days in a bark canoe, was very fatiguing, and I was devoured by the mosquitoes; but it has been very interesting, and I have been much gratified. I am now on my return, and am bound for Canada, passing by Buffalo and Niagara to Toronto. Since I have been

here I have been looking out for a good piece of land, for it more than doubles its value in five or six years, and I have been fortunate in purchasing some very fair land from the Government opposite to Detroit on the Canada side—about 600 acres. I have written to B—— B—— offering to settle him in it, and as it is not out of the world, but in very good society, I think it will be worth his while, as in a few years he will be independent. He will, however, require £300 or so to fit himself out, but that he only need borrow as he will soon be able to pay it off. I trust that if he accepts my offer his brother will assist him, and if so, he will do well.

"I am going to Toronto to pay the first instalment, and from there to Montreal, and then I return by Lake Champlain, so as to call upon Mrs. C—— at Burlington; and from thence proceed to Bellows Falls to see my Uncle Tucker, who is rather angry with me for not going there before, which I

could not. From Bellows Falls I shall return to New York—I do not think by the way of Boston, for they want to give me a public dinner there, and I want to avoid it. At Philadelphia I must be in September for the same purpose, as I accepted the invitation; but I wish that they had not paid me the compliment. From Philadelphia I go to Washington to canvass for the international copyright, and then I shall probably go south for the winter.

"The more I see of America the more I feel the necessity of either saying nothing about it, or seeing the whole of it properly. Indeed I am in that situation that I cannot well do otherwise now. It is expected by the Americans, and will also be by the English; and if I do not, they will think I shrink from the task because it is too difficult, which it really is. All I have yet read about America, written by English travellers, is absurd, especially Miss M——'s work; that old woman was *blind* as well as

deaf. I only mean to publish in the form of a diary (but that is the best way); but I will not publish till I have seen all, and can be sure I have not been led into error like others. It is a wonderful country, and not understood by the English now, and only the major part of the Americans. They are very much afraid of me here, although they are very civil; but I do not wonder at it—they have been treated with great ingratitude. I at least shall do them justice, without praising them more than they deserve. No traveller has yet examined them with the eye of a philosopher, but with all the prejudice of little minds.

"Except a letter from you, I have not received a line from England, which is rather strange. From Kate I have had many letters. I have so many correspondents now—not only at home, but I have a large American correspondence which is too valuable to break off—that I really find I cannot write letter for letter. I have so

much to read, so much to write, and so much to think about, that I must be excused. My time is not idly employed, I assure you, although I do not grow thin upon it; but, on the contrary, I think I am fatter than when I left England. I have been so far away these last six weeks that I have heard little English news, except the death of the King and the accession of Princess Victoria. I met Captain V——'s brother the other day, who told me that the *Ætna* was going home to England in consequence of Captain V——'s health. If so, I may hear something about Frederick, which I have not for a long while. I hope my dear Ellen* is quite well and happy. My kindest love to her. I will write to her as soon as I can; but it appears to me that I have more to do every day; and I really shall be glad to arrive at Bellows Falls, and stay there a week, if it is only *to take breath.* My journal is already swelled

* His sister Miss Marryat.

out nearly a volume, and the notes I have taken to work up afterwards will almost double it, and yet I have seen but a small portion of this country. I have picked up two or three good specimens for Joe's mineral collection on Lake Superior, and some day or another he may get hold of them. Write and tell me all the news. I have not had a line from Mr. Howard or anybody else, which is very strange. The steamboat *jogs* so that I can hardly write, and I suspect you will hardly be able to read; but if so, it will take you time to decipher, and therefore will last the longer.

"God bless you, dear mother. A hundred kisses to Ellen, and kind regards to all who care for me.

"Yours ever truly and affectionately,

"F. MARRYAT."

With respect to 'The Phantom Ship,' we find the author writing as follows:

"New York, April 15, 1838.

* * * *

"I have finished 'The Phantom Ship,' but I shall publish no more for some time —not till I return probably, if my finances will hold out till that time. I have written too fast, and wish the public to wait for me, to prove that I am not their servant or dependent upon them."

* * * *

The next place at which we find Captain Marryat is Niagara Falls, whence he proceeded to Toronto, in Canada, and, without premeditation, fell into hot water; for at a dinner given in honour of his arrival at St. George's he proposed the toast "Captain Drew and his brave comrades who cut out the *Caroline*"—a sentiment that gave so much offence that the newspapers were filled with personal abuse of its originator. He was included in "that class of Englishmen who glory in any meanness, and call it bravery," and was burnt in effigy at

Lewistown, on account of the toast he delivered at the St. George's dinner, a further account of which proceeding will be found in one of his own letters home.

So Captain Marryat made the best of his way to Philadelphia, where he was received, luckily for himself, with less *warmth* by the citizens and more justice by the press:

"The Wizard of the Sea arrived in our city yesterday and took lodgings at Hulse's. Some very harsh remarks have been made by many of our brother editors upon Captain Marryat for his toast in Canada with regard to the steamer *Caroline*. We confess we have not their view of it. Captain Marryat is an officer in the English navy, and was, at the time the toast was drank, the guest of his countrymen, officers of England. He had a right to express his sentiments as a British subject — a right which Americans, who so often express sentiments upon patriotic occasions against the deeds of Englishmen, should respect.

It was not politic, it is true, in Captain Marryat to say what he did; but policy is always the artifice of the hypocrite, and has little to do with the frankness of a sailor. Our booksellers, and printers, and publishers, and paper makers, have all made money by the immense sale of Captain Marryat's works in this country. He has made nothing by their sale here. Americans give him empty praise for his books; Englishmen give to Americans the right of copyright in England, and American authors make more by the sale of their works there than here. When we reciprocate this right we may begin to find fault with the toasts of English authors if we should not choose to like them. Furthermore, Captain Marryat in his works has spoken in the highest terms of American vessels. We heard a gentleman to-day, who was taken captive in the late war by a British vessel, in which Captain Marryat was an officer, say that Captain Marryat was the only one of the captors

who treated him like a gentleman. We believe that a franker and nobler spirit than Captain Marryat breathes not in the broad land. We respect the openness of his character—it is written in his strong and manly features. We, for one, entertain the highest respect for him, and take as much pleasure and pride in proclaiming it as we do our contempt for those who have assailed him."

CHAPTER II.

Letters—Captain Marryat goes to Lewistown, where he is *toasted* in return—Letter to Editor of *Lewisville Journal*—Correspondence—Home.

THE following letters from Mr. Clay to Captain Marryat, and Captain Marryat to his mother, are significant enough :

"Ashland, Sept. 22, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I hasten to reply to your favour of the 20th instant, this moment received. I scarcely need say that it has excited both surprise and pain with me, that the circumstance of your dining with me, which I am quite sure afforded mutual satisfaction, should have been made the occasion of the propagation of a report so unfounded as

that to which you refer. Nothing could be remoter from the truth, than that you contradicted or insulted me, or declined to drink a glass of wine with me. On the contrary, your whole conduct and deportment were perfectly gentlemanly. I derived much pleasure from your conversation and company; and you will recollect that when we parted I expressed a hope that I should again meet with you; and you made cordial acknowledgments for the very trifling attentions which I had been able to show you.

"It is even mortifying to me that you should find it at all necessary to resort to the testimony which I now cheerfully render.

"My best wishes accompany you, with my anxious desire that, during the remainder of your abode in our country, you may escape any further annoyance.

"With sincere respect and regard,

"I am, faithfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"H. CLAY."

"Detroit, May 11, 1838.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

* * * *

"I had heard of Mrs. Howard's death from Howard, and have written to him in return; but I am quite desperate about letters, I find so many do not come to hand. I am not suprised at it, I have seen them so careless about them. I have walked up to my knees in letters in the cabin of the packet, and any one might have helped themselves to any he fancied. Notice of it should be made at the Post Office. Miss Martineau mentions the same thing. I leave this in a few days for Chicago, and then to the far West, so that I do not expect that I shall receive any letters for some time; but I expect to be down at Philadelphia about the end of July. I am not in very great favour with the Yankees here on the borders, in consequence of my having drank the health of those who cut out the *Caroline* when at Toronto. It was put in

the papers, as everything is that I do or say, and a great deal more that I do *not* do or say; and they declared that they would *lynch* me if they got hold of me; but, nevertheless, I find them very civil now that I am amongst them again here, and this place is the very worst of all. The newspapers abuse me, but that is all, and that is *nothing* in America. I shall not be sorry when I have finished my travels; but I am resolved that I will see the whole of America before I leave it; they are terribly afraid of me, and wish me away.

"I have just received by post a printed handbill, dated Lewistown, 3rd April, as follows, in large capitals:

"'MORE INSOLENCE!!!

"'Captain Marryat, the novelist, is now at Toronto. On Monday last, at St. George's dinner, in that city, he gave as a toast, "Captain Drew and his brave comrades, who cut out the *Caroline*."

"'Persons in this village having any of the novels of this author will please to hand them in at the Lewistown Hotel this day before four o'clock P.M., for the purpose of having a *novel* spectacle made of them this evening.'

"And I have twice seen the newspapers, by which I find that they have *burnt* me in effigy, dancing round the fire and tossing in 'Peter Simple,' 'Jacob,' and 'Japhet,' and all the rest of them one after another. There is no knowing to what honours a man may come; it is not every one who is *burnt in effigy*; I shall be *tarred and feathered* yet before I get out of the country.

"Notwithstanding all which, I am now walking about among my Yankee friends here, and although some of them *eye* me anything but graciously—for this is the very focus of the patriot cause, as they term it—they do not venture to do more. I leave this in a few days for Green Bay, Wisconsin, and then go up the M—— country and the Falls of St. Anthony.

After which I shall be decided by circumstances whether I penetrate further West, or work down South. I have plenty of time before me, for if there is another attack on Canada it will not take place till the autumn or winter, and it will not lead to a war till a month or two afterwards. It is, however, a very doubtful affair altogether, and depends upon so many wheels within wheels that time alone can tell. I have just made a tour through Upper Canada, and have been impressed with the beauty of the province. So now farewell, my dearest mother; if I am not drilled by a rifle, or blown up in a steam-boat, you will hear of me again in about two months or so, but not before. Remember me kindly to all my good friends and relations, and believe me,

"Ever yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

His next halting-place was at Louisville,

where the question as to the intended (?) insult at Toronto was still at its height; but thence he proceeded to Cincinnati, and there, on the 28th of July, a dinner was given in honour of him, which passed off "in the best possible manner."

"We have only room to give the speech made by Captain Marryat, which elicited the most rapturous applause, and put down for ever the vile calumny which has been circulated against this much abused gentleman:

"'Captain Marryat, the Wizard of the Sea. We respect him for the independence of his character, as much as we admire him for the brilliancy of his genius; though he is not a citizen of our Republic we welcome him to our city, and acknowledge with pleasure his station in the Republic of Letters.'

"After the tumultuous cheering with which this sentiment was received had in

some degree subsided, Captain Marryat arose, and addressed the company as follows:

"'Gentlemen, I can assure you that of all the compliments which have been paid to me since my arrival in this country, I feel most deeply the one which has been offered to me on this day. On other occasions I have refused any public demonstration of opinion, not only because I wished to avoid publicity, but, to be candid with you, because as it is most probable that I should give to the public my remarks upon your country, I did not wish to be taxed, as some of those who have preceded me have been, I regret to say with great justice, with returning ingratitude for kindness received. Candidly, gentlemen, I wish to remain, if possible, unbiassed, unshackled, and under no obligation, that if I should prove so unfortunate as to give offence by any observations I might hereafter make, at least I should not have to accuse myself, or be

accused by the Americans, of having violated their hospitality, or treated them with ingratitude. Acting upon the same motive, I have been as unwilling to enter into private society as I have been to receive public testimonials—a fact which the eastern cities can well substantiate.

"'I mention this, gentlemen, because the cry of ingratitude has already been raised against me by many of the public journals, and I wish at all events to disprove so odious a charge, at the same time as to avail myself of this public opportunity, which you have so kindly offered me, of defending myself from the arbitrary decision which has been passed against me, and which I pronounce cruel, tyrannical, and unjust. I trust, gentleman, that I shall be able to convince all here that I am the injured party, and that it is I who have a right to complain, and that the offence given to a portion of the American people was as unintentional on my part as it was

in them captious to suppose that any was intended. Gentlemen, you know well to what I refer—to the toast I gave at Toronto—little imagining, when I drank to the health of an old shipmate, that I was going to create a whirlwind of indignation over a vast continent—to rouse up the choler of its millions of inhabitants, and find myself pursued, as I travelled along, with fire and fagot, or hemp—every indignity poured upon my head, and every invective poured out upon my name. Yes, gentlemen, as you are aware, I have latterly had the honour of being burnt in effigy and hung at every town through which I passed, and reviled by almost every paper in the Union—and, gentlemen, for what? Because in my own country, at the festival of our Patron Saint, when I returned thanks for the compliment paid to the Navy of Great Britain, I toasted the last naval achievement which had occurred but a short distance from where we then stood. It was

not for me to enter into the doubtful question how far we were justified in taking the vessel out of an American port. Sailors have nothing to do with such questions—they obey *orders*, and Captain Drew received his, and, as far as he was concerned, the merit of the execution of these orders was all the same, whether the orders were just or not.

"'But, gentlemen, it is the ignorance of the truth, so studiously circulated, which has caused this excitement. I read an article of a column long in the *Cincinnati Whig* of yesterday, every line of which is a tissue of misrepresentation. I do not think, were the facts as there stated, I should merit the odium which has been cast upon me. The facts were: The *Caroline* was *chartered* by the rebels, *manned* and *armed* by the rebels, *fired first* upon our boat, and was *defended* by the rebels to the best of their ability, as the loss on the British side so plainly testifies. I presume

that the editor of the paper considers that he has only been promulgating a fact, whereas he has been deceived and is deceived by the grossest misrepresentation.

"'Gentlemen, it is from a *real* knowledge of facts that I have ever considered, and do now consider, that the act was justifiable. It is true that we may differ on that point, but if we are to burn all those who differ with us in opinion, consider what a glorious bonfire would be made of many in the United States.

"'Gentlemen, there is an old adage derived from Scripture, "Do as you would be done by;" but I cannot say, as far as I am concerned, that the Americans have borne this in mind. On the 4th of July, 1837, I was invited to the New York Corporation dinner given in celebration of the Day of Independence. I accepted the invitation. Shortly after the cloth was removed, Bunker Hill was drank, and subsequently the battle of New Orleans.

"'Gentlemen, although I was present as a guest, it was not considered necessary that expressions of exultation should be at all suppressed. Indeed, on the second toast, which was preceded by a speech from Mr. Recorder Riker, an oration against my country and my countrymen was launched out in a style which did more honour to his patriotism than to his good taste and delicacy, considering that he knew that I, an English officer, was present and close to him. Gentlemen, I forgave this. I considered that the speaker was either carried away by his feelings, or intended to set up a claim to the Mayoralty on the ensuing year, and did not think it at all necessary to exhibit any marks of indignation.

"'Every nation has its victories to celebrate, and the remembrance of them calls forth their patriotism, and invites the rising generation to deeds of valour. The battles of Bunker Hill and of New Orleans are of as much importance in their results to America

as were those of Trafalgar and Waterloo to the English; and I should indeed consider myself unjust if I had not permitted to another nation an expression of feelings similar to those which swell the breasts of my own countrymen on anniversary celebrations. But, gentlemen, it appears that although I must sit and hear remarks not very pleasant upon my own country from the Americans, that, with an injustice unheard of, they will not permit me to toast the exploits of my own countrymen in my own country, and on the festival of our Patron Saint, without being subjected to unlimited wrath and indignation—and that although on the 4th of July, 1837, I am condemned to listen to the ranting of Recorder Riker, on the 4th of July, 1838, I am paraded in effigy round the town of St. Louis, with a halter round my neck, merely because I had paid a deserved compliment to the gallantry of one of my own country and profession.

"'Gentlemen, I am certain that there is no Englishman existing who is more anxious for the maintenance of friendship and good will between the two countries than I am; but rather than I will surrender my prerogative and rights as a freeman to applaud the deeds of my countrymen—to drink to the achievements and success of our army and navy, and to express my opinions freely wherever I go—they may continue to burn me in effigy until the last general conflagration shall put an end to all parties, all sects, all politics, crime, folly, and absurdity. Gentlemen, that I regret that such excitement should have prevailed, is true; but not on my own account. To me it has been a matter of little moment how much straw has been consumed in this manner, as long as they permitted me to smoke my cigar and look on. Had they required the substance instead of the shadow, it had been quite another affair.

"'It has also been surmised that the treat-

ment I have received will not be forgotten in my remarks upon this country. But when I remember the conduct of the less enlightened portion of your community, I shall also bear in mind the kindness and marks of approbation I have received from those whose opinions and whose good wishes are more than an equivalent; and upon the principle that the kindness shown to me on this day would not persuade me to praise where praise is not due, so will the injustice of the other portion of your community never have the effect of inducing me, but on just grounds, to find fault or to censure.

"'Gentlemen, at the commencement of my address I stated that I felt most deeply the compliment paid me on this day. Flattering as it is to me, it is more honourable to yourselves. You have been the first of all the cities through which I have passed who have ventured to decide and think for yourselves, and have shown the moral

courage so deficient in a portion of your countrymen. You have set an example which I have no doubt will be followed, and that upon reflection others will agree with you, that it is much more reasonable to read my books than to burn them; and even those most opposed to me must acknowledge, that allowing my toast to have been offensive, at all events I have by this time been sufficiently *toasted* in return.

"'Gentlemen, when the storm first rose against me I was in the confines of your country; now I am in the very heart of it. I did not allow the progress of my tour to be checked by these temporary ebullitions of feeling. I had too much confidence in the Americans not to feel assured that the tide would soon turn, and honour and justice eventually gain the day. The proper time for explanation on my part has at length arrived, and feeling that I am before a conscientious jury, I now ask of you your verdict—Guilty or Not Guilty?'

"A universal and deafening shout of 'Not Guilty' was the immediate response to the concluding appeal.

"During the delivery of these remarks, the captain was repeatedly interrupted with bursts of applause, and the entire speech was received with the most marked gratification. At the conclusion he was called upon for a sentiment. The captain remarked that he ought to bear in mind the old adage, 'a burnt child dreads the fire,' and of all men be very circumspect in reference to *toasts*. He therefore would propose a sentiment which the most captious could not find fault with, and which would not be likely to create any great indignation. He gave—

"'The Ladies of Cincinnati.'

"By Mr. Punchon, Vice-President: 'The second lieutenant of the British frigate *Newcastle*, which captured the American privateer *Ida*, commanded by Captain J. Pierce. The courtesies of this officer, in such perilous times, to our old friend "Blow-

hard," entitle him to the immunities and hospitalities of this meeting.'

"This toast called out Captain Joseph Pierce, who rose and remarked, that previous to giving a toast he would, with permission of the company, state a few facts with regard to his first acquaintance with their guest, Captain Marryat. That nearly twenty-four years had transpired since he first had the pleasure of his acquaintance. It originated during our late war with Great Britain, early in the month of October, 1814. Commanding a privateer out of Boston, the *Ida* brig, of twelve guns, and at that time east of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, having previously captured three British vessels, he was himself captured by the British frigate *Newcastle*, after a hard chase, and in the night forced into the body of a British fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of twelve British men-of-war; the whole fleet numbering about one hundred and sixty sail.

"That himself, officers, and crew were in a short time shifted to the *Newcastle*, which was commanded by a Lord George Stewart. That during forty days, the time which he was a prisoner of war on board that ship, he was treated by her commander with indignity, harshness, and severity, and wholly without cause.

"That there was an order from this Lord George Stewart to all of his officers, commanding them to hold no communication with the prisoners, which prevented any alleviation of their sufferings, and they were huddled together between the guns of the main deck.

"Our guest at that time was the junior lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, then about twenty years of age. That he, and he alone, broke the unnecessary and unseaman-like order, and meliorated in a degree, not only his situation, but that of his fellow-prisoners on board the frigate. That they were all, on their arrival at Halifax, sent to

prison, where they remained prisoners of war until the ratification of peace between the two nations. Lieutenant Marryat was the first man belonging to the frigate who spoke to him. He was the man that took him by the hand as he went over that ship's side, on his way to prison, and said 'Pierce, be of good cheer.' From that to the present time he had never met him. He was proud to take him by the hand at this time, and greet him with feelings not rare among seamen. During the time he was on board the frigate he had abundant proofs of the bravery and humanity of Lieutenant Frederick Marryat; and that as long as life should last he should with pleasure reflect on the good conduct of this gentleman while they were on the ocean together, and with pride at his reception in the city of Cincinnati.

"He offered as a toast—

"'Health and long life to Captain Frederick Marryat, the man who, under

the dictates of humanity, dared to break through the rules of a tyrant, and be what every seaman should be — generous and noble.'"

Three months later, in the October of 1838, he revisited Louisville, and whilst there addressed the following letter to the editors of the *Louisville Journal*:—

"DEAR SIRS,

"The number of my anonymous correspondents increases so fast, that I venture to request that you will permit me, through your influential paper, to address them a circular. It is difficult to reply to people without names, and I must therefore content myself in assuring them all, individually and collectively, how very much I feel obliged to them for their advice, although sometimes couched in terms which nothing but the sincerity of the motives could extenuate. I will also take this opportunity to mention a point which, in their zeal, they

have overlooked; which is, to pay the postage of their letters. It has always been the custom that all advice, not legal or medical, should be given gratis; whereas in my instance it has cost—I will not be so rude as to say more than it is worth—but certainly more than I have been willing to pay. Since my arrival in this country I have received nearly five hundred anonymous letters, the postage of which has, upon an average, amounted to fifty cents each, following me as they do with such pertinacity from place to place. This has become a subject of some importance, and indeed I have sometimes been inclined to surmise that I have been deceived in supposing that I had so many secret well-wishers, and that the whole was a scheme between Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Amos Kendall to increase the somewhat defalcating resources of the country.

"My unknown correspondents have, however, been so far of advantage to me, that

from the general tenor of their letters I have discovered the causes which have produced such expressions of distrust and ill-will as have latterly been shown to me, and have also given me a clue to unravel the skein of unjust and ridiculous calumny which has been so industriously circulated since my arrival in the Western country.

"It appears that I am considered to be travelling through this country as a spy, and that it is my intention to follow in the steps of many who have preceded me, availing myself of American hospitality, and in grateful return holding up to ridicule the domestic manners and customs of those who have kindly admitted me into their circles—in short, that I have come over first to see as much as I can at the expense, and then to 'write a book' at the expense, of those who confide in me, thereby paying the expense of my tour at the expense of all that is honourable or gentleman-like.

"Sirs, I do not blame the Americans for

suspecting this, as they have good cause, but at the same time, I feel that they do not know me. Those who wish me well have advised me to publicly disavow such intentions; as they assert such disavowal will give general satisfaction and restore confidence.

"Were I to consult my own feelings I should probably remain silent, not only on account of the treatment I have received, but because I feel not a little affronted at being classed with the Trollopes and Fidlers who have preceded me; but there are other and cogent reasons why their ideas should be corrected, although, as far as I am myself concerned, I request nothing but to be permitted to pass through the country in quiet and receive no more anonymous letters; or, if they must be written, at all events that they may be post-paid.

"There is, however, some difficulty in following the advice of my friends, arising from the simple fact that I have not yet

made up my mind what I shall do. Not satisfied with the contradictory account of other travellers, and impelled by a truant disposition, I came into this country to judge for myself. I came to it with the best feelings towards its people, and did anticipate, as I was not unknown to them, that these feelings would have been reciprocated. My object was to view the Western world, and ascertain what might be the effects produced upon the English character and temperament by a different climate, different circumstances, and a different form of government from those which they had been accustomed to; the only object, in my opinion, worthy the attention of those possessed of common sense. That I may not, in the uncertainty of my proceedings, commit myself, instead of saying what I may do I shall prefer stating what it is my intention not to do. Of the first I am not sure, but of the last I am.

"I therefore beg to assure my anonymous

correspondents, and all others whom it may concern, that I did not come three thousand five hundred miles by water, and since peregrinate about fifteen thousand more in this country, to ascertain whether the American people ate their dinner with two or three-pronged or silver forks, or took up green peas with their knives, or sat down to dinner with or without grace—whether the children sat down in high chairs, had silver mugs to splutter in, or china ones with their names in golden letters.

"I did not come here to ascertain at what hours the American public went to bed or rose in a morning, or whether they burnt a candle all night—whether they slept with a feather bed or mattress uppermost, one or two pillows—or to take an inventory of every article in their bed-chamber.

"I have never inquired whether they wash their hands and faces with Windsor or almond, or jessamine or rose-scented soap—whether they used hard or soft tooth-

brushes—or what dentifrice—whether Macassar oil or bear's grease is most in vogue; nor have I ever ventured to pry into the secrets of a lady's closet or her dressing room. I have never been in the kitchens to ascertain whether they used iron or copper saucepans—burnt anthracite coal, wood or charcoal, cooked by coal fire and smoke jacks or by Professor Nott's patent stoves; neither have I explored the mysteries of the larder, dairy, laundries, washhouses or dust-holes.

"I have not thought it necessary to make any inquiry as to the wages of servants, or whether they are or are not allowed tea and sugar, or are permitted to have followers—whether they have vales and perquisites from their masters and mistresses, whether the washing is put out or not, or who it is that gets up the starching and fine linen.

"Neither have I attempted to learn whether the lady or gentleman of any house I have entered ruled the roast, having

already formed my own opinion on the subject; and I may add that I have never penetrated the nursery to ascertain whether the babies were suckled or brought up by hand, and if the latter, whether it was on pap, arrow-root, or common gruel. I can assure my valuable anonymous correspondents that upon all these and many other matters of equally momentous importance to some travellers, I have not even ventured to ask a question; indeed, since I have been in the country my time has been so completely occupied in giving answers, that I have never had time to ask a question. What little information I may have picked up has been chiefly by the use of my eyes, and I cannot suppose that they would wish me to go through the country blindfold. Indeed, that precaution would be of no avail, as Mr. Holman has fully established the fact that a traveller can go on just as well without his eyes as with them.

"To be serious—I consider, by the present

conduct shown towards me, the Americans are unjust to themselves as well as to me. Any attempt to conceal becomes an acknowledgment that there is something wrong; and if the Americans do surmise that my remarks upon them will be annoying to their extreme sensitiveness, surely it is neither wise nor generous to give me just cause of complaint during my sojourn in their country, or to wreak upon me the vindictive feelings created by the illiberality of my predecessors. Let the Americans do their duty to themselves, and not attempt to inflict the punishment previous to the offence being committed.

"I trust that this explanation will be considered satisfactory, and that I shall be permitted to proceed on my tour without any further 'letters of advice,' when I assure them that they have already somewhat overdrawn upon my patience, and that I must in future enter a protest upon further acceptances. With these observations, I take

leave of my anonymous correspondents, and am, dear Sirs,

"Very truly yours,
"F. MARRYAT."

I withhold the publication of the answer to this letter; for it is more smart than kind, and the feeling which dictated it, even should the writer be still alive, must long ere this have passed away. It is sufficient to say that Captain Marryat was eventually permitted to quit Louisville "forgiven," and with the accompanying blessing:

"Be to his virtues ever kind,
And to his faults a little blind."

The two following letters to his mother tell their own tale:

"Montreal, Dec. 18, 1838.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Except one letter from B—— B——, it is now nearly four months since I have heard either from England or the Continent; the latter I can in some way

account for, at least in my own opinion—still I wish to hear how my little girls are.

"I was going South, when I heard of the defeat of St. Denis and the dangerous position of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; and I considered it my duty as an officer to come up and offer my services as a volunteer. I have been with Sir John Colborne, the Commander-in-Chief, ever since, and have just now returned from an expedition of five days against St. Eustache and Grand Brulé, which has ended in the total discomfiture of the rebels, and, I may add, the putting down of the insurrection in both provinces. I little thought when I wrote last that I should have had the bullets whizzing about my ears again so soon. It has been a sad scene of sacrilege, murder, burning, and destroying. All the fights have been in the churches, and they are now burnt to the ground and strewed with the wasted bodies of the insurgents.

War is bad enough, but civil war is dreadful. Thank God, it is all over.

"The winter has set in; we have been fighting in the deep snow, and crossing rivers with ice thick enough to bear the artillery; we have been always in extremes —at one time our ears and noses frost-bitten by the extreme cold, at others roasting amidst the flames of hundreds of houses. I came out of Grand Brulé after it was all over. I had the greatest difficulty in getting through the fire. I had a sleigh with two grey horses driven *tandem* (as it was too cold to ride the horse the general had offered me); and before I escaped, one side of each of the horses was burnt *brown* and *yellow* before we could force them through; however, the poor animals were more frightened than hurt.

"As I can be of no further use now, I shall return to America in a few days. I really wish I could receive a letter from England. I feel very much about having

no intelligence. It will be too late to go South now, and I think I shall winter quietly at New York, and proceed to Washington early in the year.

"I really have nothing more to say. It is hard to fill a sheet when the correspondence is all on one side. So give my love to Ellen, and God bless you both.

"Ever your affectionate son,

"F. MARRYAT."

"I may just as well answer B. B——'s letter here. He may bring out his fishing-rod and fowling-piece if he chooses, but nothing else. Let him bring out a letter of credit upon England for what money he may have, and that is all that is necessary; if he comes out in April packet, it will be quite time enough. He will always find where I am by applying to *Messrs. Davis, Brooker, and Co., New York.*

"In future, direct all my letters *under cover to that house,* and desire *Mr. Howard*

to do the same. Merchants' letters always come safe. Why others do not is to me a mystery."

"New York, Jan. 7, 1839.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I wrote to you about a fortnight back when I was at Montreal. I have since arrived here after a very fatiguing journey, and I am not sure that I shall not have to take another up to Navy Island, if things do not go on well; but what I dislike most is the journey, it is so hazardous and fatiguing at this time of the year. We have every prospect of a war; but as the President's message is peaceful, it is to be hoped that it will be averted. The excitement, however, is so great that it is difficult to say whether it can be prevented; much depends on the return of Judge McClean from Washington this evening or to-mor-

row morning, and what he has obtained from the President.

"*Jan. 8th.* I have intelligence which will leave me still undecided. That they will have great difficulty at Navy Island, should they attack it, I believe; but as Sir F. Head in his letter merely says that he *may* find me something to do, and I understand that there are many navy officers there on half-pay like myself, I do not much think that I shall go at present, but remain here till the affair is advanced. If I go now there may be older officers than I there, who may not like to be under my command, and in such a desperate business I will be commanded by none, but trust to myself alone. I shall therefore wait to see what takes place; if they are beat back at Navy Island, and Sir F. Head sends for me, I will go; if they succeed, they will not want me.

"There is another point, which is, that already the President's message has had a

contrary effect to what was intended; the people are more exasperated than ever, and the war becomes even more probable. Now there is no small risk in getting through the frontiers, and if I were once in Canada, and war broke out, I should be shut up there till May, by which time all the ships would be given away in England, and I should either have to take a lake command or have none, and I infinitely prefer a man-of-war on the ocean. I think, therefore, that without I am sent for, I shall remain here, and if war is declared, or such hostilities commence as to make war certain, I shall go home with the first intelligence. It would not be well to stay in Canada and on the lakes for so long a while without coming home first; and if I am appointed to the lakes, from my knowledge of the country, I had rather be at home to communicate my ideas to the Government.

"Tell all this to Mr. Hay, as I have written to him, but had not made up my

mind when I wrote; and after you have looked at it, send him the enclosed plan of Navy Island, as it will be interesting to the Admiralty, and it is very correct. I have written two letters with accounts of our relations, which I hope you have received. I have received a letter from my wife announcing her safe arrival at Paris. I find that they have a governess, which certainly was required.

"Mr. Howard writes me in very bad spirits. He says that I am much injured by remaining away from England, and my popularity is on the wane. I laugh at that; it is very possible people will be ill-natured while I am not able to defend myself; but what I have done they cannot take from me, and if I wrote no more, I have written quite enough. If I were not rather in want of money I certainly would not write any more, for I am rather tired of it. I should like to disengage myself from the fraternity of authors, and be known in

future only in my profession as a good officer and seaman.

"I must leave off now. Remember me to all, and particularly to Ellen, and believe me, dear mother,

"Yours most affectionately,

"F. MARRYAT."

By this time Captain Marryat had spent as much time in America as he could spare, and before the end of the year he was again in England, having been in the land of independence nearly two years. His opinions of the manners and customs of that country, her people, government, and politics, are so fully given in his 'Diary in America,' that to attempt a republication of them here would be superfluous.

Before settling in Duke Street, St. James' he went to Paris to see his wife and children (who, during his absence, had gone there from Lausanne), and to make the

necessary arrangements for their return to England.

His third son, Norman, who died an infant in 1823, is buried in the cemetery of Père La Chaise.

CHAPTER III.

Duke Street, St. James'—Wimbledon House—'Percival Keene'—'Diary in America'—'Poor Jack'—Correspondence.

ALTHOUGH Captain Marryat had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and was on intimate terms with half the notabilities of his day, it is with difficulty that even the few letters that appear in this notice of his life have been collected.

The following one was written to a lady for whom, to the time of his death, he retained the highest sentiments of friendship and esteem.

"8, Duke Street, St. James',
"June 15, 1839.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"I am a little vexed at your returning the picture; but I appear to have been

altogether unfortunate in my new acquaintances. Mrs. B—— rejects my love upon the ground, I presume, that it is of too little value. You reject my picture upon the ground that it is of too great value. I am afraid that I made a great mistake.

"I should have offered the picture to Mrs. B——, and the other to you. As for the former, I told you at the time it was given to me, and I did not see why I should not have the pleasure of giving as well as Mr. Stanfield. I pleased him by accepting, why should you not have pleased me? But I say no more, as, though you have returned it me in a delicate and complimentary manner, it has annoyed me very much. I certainly shall avail myself of your kind invitation, if I ever come down to Liverpool; but although I ought in every respect to be free to come and go, I have forged my own chains, and am as much tied by the leg as any man of business in the City. Three weeks back I had a letter from my

mother's sister, stating her fear that she would have to bury her husband, he was so alarmingly ill. Yesterday the husband wrote, stating that she had died suddenly and that he was about to bury her. My mother is in great distress, and I leave town to-day to condole with her. A little repose after your gay life in London will be of service to you. Read Wordsworth and listen to Mr. MacNeil. It almost appears like a dream to me, and yet it is constantly recurring to my memory as a picture—'You reposing on the sofa, C—— sitting by you, and I on the footstool.' It has all vanished like 'air, thin air.' You are at Liverpool with your husband and children; C——with Dr. G—— and homœopathy; I in my dungeon, unpitied and alone.

"God bless you, and believe me always,

"Very sincerely yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

The first work which appeared after Captain Marryat's return to England was 'Percival Keene,' which was soon followed by the 'Diary in America,' published in June, 1839, and succeeded in the December of the same year by a second series of the 'Diary,' and the first number of 'Poor Jack.'

Mr. Vizetelly, the engraver of Mr. Stanfield's drawings for 'Poor Jack,' received two applications from gentlemen in Paris for leave to purchase sets of casts for translations of the book about to be brought out in their country.

One of them writes, that it is "*mon intention de faire traduire Jack*," and proposes to pay the money for the casts by the simple method of "*cheek*," as being that by which most Englishmen liquidate their debts. Could we all meet our liabilities in the same manner, how few of us would be bankrupt!

The transcribed epistle from Samuel Lover was received in return for a copy of the 'Diary in America':

"Wimbledon, Sept. 24, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot make you a numerical return of three volumes for your very kind presentation of your 'America;' for the only three-volume work I have as yet written is 'Rory O'More,' and I know you wouldn't like *that*, because it is very patriotically Irish, and though you are too English an Englishman to have reason to find fault with the Irishism of an Irishman, yet I will not give you 'Rory O'More.' 'Barney O'Reerdon, the Navigator,' you know, so I need not give you that; therefore do I send you my songs. In these there are some things I believe you like; others, I *think* you would like—one, I am sure you would like. *Vide* p. 128, 'Twas

the day of the Feast'—a sufficient evidence for me that feasting is independent of party.

"My dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"SAMUEL LOVER."

On his return from America, Captain Marryat brought with him a large collection of prairie curiosities—bear, buffalo, wolf, and opossum skins; bowie-knives, with inscriptions on them, presented to him by various Yankees, chiefly as advertisements to their own names; and odds and ends of all sorts. Now the bowie-knives were harmless enough, but the skins with which his rooms were literally hung, the chairs covered, and the floors carpeted, were very much the contrary. They had never been properly dressed, and, in plain English, they were *tenanted*, and strongly required a visit to the furrier.

Many literary ladies and others of note

and distinction, honoured his rooms with their presence, admired the pictures, stroked the panther, went into ecstasies over the great black bear with real silver claws (a present to the captain when in America), and fell in love with the blue fox; but somehow or other, after the inspection they all felt—how can their feelings be expressed?—*irritated*. In fact each successive visitor was glad to drive home again, and change his or her clothes.

Seeing is *said* to be believing; but when the state of his favourite bear was brought before Captain Marryat's eyes, and the necessity of a temporary change of residence for his furry associates hinted at, a lioness robbed of her whelps, or a poet disturbed in the midst of his composition, could not have been more furious.

"My furs infested! Why the Yankee furriers would beat the European ones into cocked hats! I won't believe it!"

Nor would he; but during all that season

kept the things in their accustomed places to the great inconvenience of his guests.

A time came, however, when their removal was imminent. Captain Marryat decided on giving up his apartments in Duke Street, which were laden with the most expensive furniture, and was asked on the occasion whether the articles should not be sold.

"Sold, no! not worth it—get nothing at *all! I shall send them to* S——. He will find a use for them;" and accordingly a huge furniture van, laden with beds, and wardrobes, chairs, tables, and sofas, was actually despatched to the six-roomed house of his friend, a struggling artist, residing somewhere in the suburbs of London.

The recipient was grateful, but astonished.

"It was very kind of Captain Marryat," he remarked afterwards—"very kind indeed; but not an article, except the chairs, would so much as enter my doorway."

This wholesale generosity, however (which was but a type of his large-hearted nature), bore good results, for on the exodus of his less prized possessions, the bear with the silver claws, the prairie wolf, blue fox, and company, were sent off to the safe keeping of an Oxford Street furrier, by whom, before being recalled, they were effectually rid of their obnoxious tenants.

After leaving Duke Street, Captain Marryat went to stay with his mother at Wimbledon House.

This residence (now in the possession of Mr. Henry Peake, M.P.) was occupied for some years by the Prince de Condé, and purchased from the executors of Sir Stephen Lushington by Captain Marryat's father. It is a long, white, low-built villa, of the Grecian order of architecture, with a projecting porch supported on Ionic columns, and has more than once been mentioned in the same breath with Chiswick, Gunners-

bury, and other models of English homes—happy combinations of luxury and taste, without any pretensions to grandeur. The garden at Wimbledon House (which was considered one of the first in England) is too well known amongst florists to need any description. The property is further enriched by a park and artificial lake, and used to be considered one of the show places in the environs of London; parties even from across the Atlantic constantly demanding permission simply to view the grounds—a permission which was always cheerfully accorded.

If strangers were so favoured, it may be supposed that the intimate friends of the family (amongst whom were numbered such well-known names as Sheridan, Rogers, Campbell, Blomefield, Stanfield, Ainsworth, etc.) were always welcome.

The following letter is so characteristic of the poet Rogers, that it is inserted on that account:

"St. James' Place, June 28, 1844.

"My dear Mrs. Marryat,

"Encouraged by your kindness, may I venture to propose another visit to your elysium, and to bring with me a few of my friends, and to name, if you will permit me, the day and hour? The party, who have long been most desirous to come, and at whose urgent request I have consented to present a petition, are four in number—Lord and Lady Abercorn, Lord Aberdeen, and Mr. Landseer, the artist; and, if it will not be inconvenient or interfere with any of your engagements, to arrive on Tuesday next, the 2nd of July, at four o'clock, if the heavens are not unpropitious. But when I presume to make this proposition, I rely confidently on your friendship to tell me, and tell me frankly, whether you like the thoughts of it or not. Pray, pray forgive me if I am asking too much. But no; I have no fears; I have already

experienced your kindness, and I am sure you will, if you can, say YES.

"Yours ever most sincerely,

"S. ROGERS."

There was scarcely a room in Wimbledon House that was not decorated with some of the spoils which Captain Marryat had collected in his travels round the world. A Burmese shrine with silver idols, rifled from a pagoda; the carved tusks of a sacred elephant; opossum skins from Canada, embroidered with porcupine quills and coloured beads; toys in tortoiseshell and ivory, with precious stones and curious shells, were scattered everywhere, recalling memories of the Rangoon war, America, India, and the Celestial Empire. He early evinced a great taste for art, and when a young man in Italy commenced to collect pictures and *objets d'art*. After the Rangoon war his chambers became quite a museum of Burmese and Indian antiquities.

The statue of the King of Ava, now in the Ethnological Museum of Leyden, belonged to him, and was one of his greatest treasures. It is encrusted with gold and precious stones, of more or less value.

During the war those Burmese who were in the possession of any stones of value used to make an incision in the flesh of their arm or leg, and inserting the jewel, allow the flesh to close over it again. Captain Marryat became aware of this custom, and after each engagement made his sailors pass their hands up and down the bodies of the slain, and wherever a bump was perceptible a cut of the knife soon relieved the owner of his then useless property.

By this means some two hundred valuable stones were collected by him, of which one alone remains in the possession of his family —a yellow diamond set in a ring, the property of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Horace Marryat. He was so profuse in his gene-

rosity, so lavish of giving, that his friends permitted him to keep nothing for himself; and notwithstanding the large and valuable collection of curiosities which he amassed during his travels, not a single article amongst them has been bequeathed to his children.

The apartment he occupied whilst on his visits to Wimbledon House, and in which he wrote, was one upon the second story, overlooking the park; and in this room, at a table covered with an African lion's skin, and on a little old black leather blotting-book, worn with use and replete to bursting with ruled foolscap, several of his works were composed. His handwriting was so minute, that the compositor having given up the task of deciphering it in despair, the copyist had to stick a pin in at the place where he left off, to ensure his finding it again when he resumed the task.

Here is a letter written on that old blotting-book, in company with the lion's skin:

"Wimbledon, Nov. 4, 1839.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"Strange to say, that I had just laid down the last letter which you wrote to me when yours of the sixth arrived. I have referred to it to see what time it was that you have stated that you would be at leisure, and your long silence had inclined me to surmise that you had forgotten me, particularly as you never sent me any grouse, as you promised. The latter I did not think much of, as perhaps your husband is not a good shot, and it did not depend upon yourself; but I was coupling the two together, and did not know what to make of it. Your letter has proved that I was unjust towards you, and I beg your pardon. I am sorry to hear you have been so unwell. If Shakespeare had been a woman he never would have styled it 'That pleasing punishment.' But let us talk of something

more agreeable, in every sense of the word. I shall be at leisure, I really believe, about the first week in December; but this second portion of 'America' has been a very tough job. I am now correcting press of the third volume, and half of it is done. I hope to be quite finished by the end of this month, and also to have the other work ready for publication on the first of January; but what with printers, engravers, stationers, and publishers, I have been much overworked. I have written and read till my eyes have been no bigger than a mole's, and my sight about as perfect. I have remained sedentary till I have had *un accès de bile*, and have been under the hands of the doctor, and for some days obliged to keep my bed, all owing to want of air and exercise. Now I am quite well again. You perceive I date my letter from Wimbledon, having given up my chambers in Duke Street altogether, and retired to my mother's, which is now my headquarters, although

my residence here is but nominal, for it is very dull and *triste*, and one might as well be shut up in a penitentiary. I do not correspond with Priaulx; he cannot read my writing, I cannot decipher one word of his. By mutual consent we never trouble ourselves about each other until we meet again. Power* I dined with about three weeks ago; his new house is well fitted up, very comfortable, and he is very proud of it. His new piece is very laughable. Mr. B—— I have heard of, but I have not met. Dr. —— I have seen at a friend's of mine; and I was told by her (perhaps all scandal) that he has, for these last six months, been courting another lady, with whom, she asserts, he is very desperate. She has a large fortune, and won't have him. If it is true, all I can say is, that I am ashamed of my sex. Dr. —— is a very amusing personage, that is certain, and every one appears to like him. An agreeable humbug

* Tyrone Power, who was lost in the *President*.

will always make his way; and, depend upon it, he will marry a rich woman after all. As for other news, there is but little to tell. The hissing of His Majesty's Ministers at the Lord Mayor's feast was most terrible. My mother was there. I mention this because many of the papers deny it. The Admiralty have ordered all the Indian navy to China to make reprisals in case they refuse to pay for the opium which they extorted as a ransom for Captain Elliott and the merchants, so that tea will probably be dear. The officers who have command in the latter have also written home to inform Government that it must be prepared for a renewal of all the disturbances in Canada this winter—that is, as far as the Americans are concerned. I have written about Canada in this second portion of my work. Pray offer my respects to Mr. S——, whose acquaintance I shall be most happy to make; and if you can receive me early next month, I know no one whom I shall

meet again with more pleasure than you. I trust that you will be quite yourself again soon.

"Yours most truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

The next letter was written about the same time. Captain Marryat had been down to his country house at Langham, and on his return was stopping the night at Norwich, those being the days before England was intersected with rails and when coaches ruled the road.

"Norwich, Saturday.

"I write from the inn of this place, where I am waiting very patiently till seven o'clock to start for London; that is to say, poetically speaking, as soon as Phœbus unyokes his anything but fiery coursers, the Ipswich mail will put its horses to, and then I am off for London. But you must not imagine that I am driven to writing to you from the ennui of a country

inn. Norwich is a city, and this is market day, and it does not rain; on the contrary, it is fair and frosty. Moreover, there is Mr. Wombwell's menagerie of wild beasts, and several other interesting exhibitions, on the hill, not two hundred yards from me, and no want of pretty girls staring at the paintings outside, which have invariably the merit of portraying things larger than life in all cases, except in dwarfs, who are the only exceptions to the rule. I was rather amused at a painting outside an exhibition, on which was written, 'The largest travelling alligator in all Europe.' Now, although the painting represents him thirty feet long, still he may not be more than five inches, and yet the assertion be correct. I did not go in to see him, as the price was only a penny, and what sized alligator could you expect to see for a penny?

"I have mentioned all these particulars to prove to you that it is my anxiety to

write to you an answer to your joint-stock letter with C—— which has induced me to avoid the market, the fair, and the still fairer, and that I have eschewed up-and-downs, round-abouts, gingerbread cocks-and-breeches which infant eyes do gloat upon whilst infant noses run with the cold, to prove that, whether wandering up and down, or cruising round about, I prefer your company and little C——'s to all the cocks-and-breeches in the world. You may inform C—— that I do not consider her letter as a letter to me; it is only a portion of yours, which was written for you, because you could not write yourself. You may say, 'On my eyes be it.' I hope they are better; but I agree that change of air will be the best thing for you. If the weather sets in fair and frosty, get into a steamer and work your way down to Brighton, and I will come down and meet you; it will be the best place for you. I have just been reading the *Argus* weekly paper;

there is a poem on the Ministry, or verses, I should say, one stanza of which I will copy out for you, as I think it very happy :

> "And they say that Lord Brougham has ready
> A play, full of politics crammed ;
> I suppose having tried being *dead*, he
> Means to try how it feels to be d——d."

"I have been down at Langham these last ten days, but the weather was not very propitious for shooting. The decoy, however, works well, and as soon as the widgeon are sent up I shall send some down to you. Mallards are very scarce this year, because the weather has been so open, and widgeon are, in my opinion, usually better eating. I will not forget the oysters; on Monday they shall be despatched. The meerschaum I have not yet seen, but I presume it is at Wimbledon. I never knew that you were writing a novel; I wish you would; novel it certainly would be, proceeding from you.* Forward my stools, by all means; I

* Both Captain Marryat and Washington Irving offered to write a book in collaboration with this lady.

shall think of your drawing-room when I put my feet upon them; like magic, and far swifter than locomotives, they shall transport me to Liverpool, and I shall hold 'Imaginary Conversations' more true than any composed by Walter Landor the Savage.

"And now'a message for C——. Tell her that I hate crossed letters. It may be economy, as far as paper and postage are concerned, but my eyes are of more consequence to me. I have made no small use of them during five and forty years, and they are not quite so bright as her own. Moreover, I do not put great value upon letters which have been at the mercy of all those who may have opened the blotting-book; 'tis mine, 'tis hers, and has been, &c., won't do for me. I shall write to her constantly; but I hope that she will consider that my letters are not to be left about or read to others—if so, they will not be so interesting, from the simple fact that they

will be more guarded. I am jealous as respects letters. I consider it a breach of trust to show them, unless to those who share in the sentiments, and form, as it were, a portion of the Privy Council. However, she will think I am scolding if I say any more; so give my love to her, and tell her that if she feels inclined to write to me before I write to her, I shall be very glad to hear from her; at all events, I will write in a few days. You have not mentioned Mrs. T—— in your letter. I feel very awkward about having received those things from her, but it cannot be helped now; pray say something therefore from me when you see her again. I do not know her address. I have been so out of the world that I can tell you nothing. I spent Christmas Day at Sir Jacob Astley's. The servants had a ball, and we went down to it and joined them. What with punch, pushing, and pretty housemaids, it was good fun. And now farewell, and God

bless you. Commend me to your husband. Kiss C—— for me—by-the-by, she don't like kissing, she says—and believe me,

"Yours ever truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

CHAPTER IV.

'The Poacher' — Correspondence — 3 Spanish Place — Society—Count d'Orsay—Personal appearance—Traits of character—'Masterman Ready'—Letters.'

'JOSEPH RUSHBROOK' first appeared as a serial in the *Era* newspaper, and subsequently in three volumes, under the title of 'The Poacher;' which Mr. Colburn brought out at his own expense, the author receiving two-thirds of the profits, and £400 in anticipation of them. It is evident, from the following refutatory letter, written by Captain Marryat, that some unfavourable criticism respecting this work must have been published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' to which periodical it was addressed:

"In your critique upon Mr. Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,' you have expressed an

opinion that, as an author, I have shown a want of self-respect in contributing the tale of 'The Poacher' to this weekly paper. I will quote your own words before I reply: 'If writing monthly fragments threatened to deteriorate Mr. Ainsworth's productions, what must be the result of this *hebdomadal* habit? Captain Marryat, we are sorry to see, has taken to the same line. Both these popular authors may rely upon our warning, that they will live to see their laurels fade unless they more carefully cultivate a spirit of *self-respect*. That which was venial in a miserable starveling of Grub Street is *perfectly disgusting* in the extravagantly paid novelists of these days—the *caressed* of generous booksellers. Mr. Ainsworth and Captain Marryat ought to disdain such *pitiful peddling*. Let them eschew it without delay.'

"In other portions of your critique you have stated that the *serial* system is detrimental to the reputation of authors, inas-

much as they are too apt to wait till the last moment and write in a hurry. I take up this single point first, that I may dismiss it at once, as far as regards myself, by observing that, whether I appear hebdomadally or monthly, my writings, such as they are, will be no better or worse than if they first appeared in three volumes. I am too old a sailor to venture into action without plenty of powder and shot in the locker; the two first volumes of this tale were written before one number of it appeared in the *Era* and the remainder is now completed.

"You are not the only party who has ventured to make the remark to me that they considered it was *infra dig.* that I should write in a weekly newspaper; but you certainly are the first who has ventured to pronounce it as *perfectly disgusting* and as *pitiful peddling.* Had it not been for such unqualified harsh terms, I probably should have made no reply to your observations.

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"If I understand rightly the term *pitiful peddling*, it would intimate that I have been induced by a larger sum than is usually offered for contributing to monthly periodicals to write for a weekly paper. If such is your impression, you are very much in error; for I now assert, and, were it worth the trouble, could easily establish, that the very contrary is the case; and that, had I considered my own interests, I should have allowed 'The Poacher' to have made its appearance in Mr. Bentley's 'Miscellany' or Mr. Colburn's 'New Monthly Magazine.'

"In the paragraph which I have quoted there is an implication on your part which I cannot pass over without comment. You appear to set up a standard of *precedency and rank* in literature, founded upon the rarity or frequency of an author's appearing before the public, the scale descending from the 'caressed of generous publishers' to the 'starveling of Grub Street'—the former, by your implication, constituting the

aristocracy, and the latter the *profanum vulgus* of the quill. Now, although it is a fact that the larger and nobler animals of creation produce but slowly, while the lesser, such as rabbits, rats, and mice, are remarkable for their fecundity, I do not think that the comparison will hold good as to the breeding of brains; and to prove it, let us examine—if this argument by implication of yours is good—at what grades upon the scale it would place the writers of the present day.

"My lady—anybody—produces a novel but once a year. Of course she must be superior, nay, twice as good as Hook or James, whose conceptions are twice as rapid—twelve times better—than the contributors to 'Blackwood,' your own, or other monthly periodicals—fifty-two times superior to the hebdomadal editors of the *Examiner* and *Spectator*, and three hundred and thirteen times to be preferred to the talented writers in the *Times* and other

daily newspapers. You will find very few who will agree with you in this—indeed, I doubt if you would exactly approve of your own position in the scale which you have yourself laid down. You will agree with me that the great end of literature is to instruct and amuse—to make mankind wiser and better. If, therefore, an author writes with this end in view and succeeds, you must admit that the greater is his circulation, the more valuable are his labours.

"Who are those, may I ask, who most require instruction, and, I may add, amusement? Are they not those who cannot afford to purchase the expensive literature of the present day—not even to delight themselves with the spirited pages of your magazine. I do not pretend to compare my efforts with the concentrated talent exhibited monthly in your pages, but if I do reach the mass and you do not, in spite of my inferiority I become the more useful of the two.

"You assert it is beneath me to write for a weekly newspaper, taken in chiefly by the taverns frequented by the lower classes, and perused mainly by the mechanics and labourers of the country; in short, that it is *infra dig.* in me to write for the *poor man.* I feel quite the contrary, and I would rather write for the instruction, or even the amusement, of the poor than for the amusement of the rich; and I had sooner raise a smile or create an interest in the honest mechanic or agricultural labourer who requires relaxation, than I would contribute to dispel the ennui of those who loll on their couches and wonder in their idleness what they shall do next. Is the rich man only to be amused? Are mirth and laughter to be made a luxury, confined to the upper classes, and denied to the honest and hard-working artisan? I have latterly given my aid to cheap literature, and I consider that the most decided step which I have taken is the insertion of this tale in a

weekly newspaper—by which means it will be widely disseminated among the lower classes, who, until lately (and the chief credit of the alteration is due to Mr. Dickens) had hardly an idea of such recreation.

"In a moral point of view, I hold that I am right. We are educating the lower classes; generations have sprung up who can read and write; and may I inquire what it is that they have to read, in the way of amusement?—for I speak not of the Bible, which is for private examination. They have scarcely anything but the weekly newspapers, and, as they cannot command amusement, they prefer those which create the most excitement; and this I believe to be the cause of the great circulation of the *Weekly Despatch*, which has but too well succeeded in demoralising the public, in creating disaffection and ill-will towards the government, and assisting the nefarious views of demagogues and Chartists. It is

certain that men would rather laugh than cry—would rather be amused than rendered gloomy and discontented—would sooner dwell upon the joys or sorrows of others in a tale of fiction than brood over their supposed wrongs. If I put good and wholesome food (and, as I trust, sound moral) before the lower classes, they will eventually eschew that which is coarse and disgusting, which is only resorted to because no better is supplied. Our weekly newspapers are at present little better than records of immorality and crime, and the effect which arises from having no other matter to read and comment upon, is of serious injury to the morality of the country. So prone is our nature to evil, that the very exposition of dark deeds occasion more dark deeds to be perpetrated, and the weekly recitals of murders and stabbing, of insurrection, of bloodshed and incendiarism, habituate those who have nothing to direct their attention from them to

the deeds themselves, until they no longer appear to them formidable or revolting. 'Fear God and honour the King' is a maxim inculcated to the youth of this country, and grows up with them: but if a man week after week, and year after year, has naught to listen to but scoffs at religion, attacks upon the church and clergy, treasonable outcries against the government, aristocracy, and monarchy itself, his best feelings are gradually warped, the lessons of his youth are looked upon as fallacies; without religion to guide him, loyalty to cheer him, and patriotism to exalt him, he becomes, as a vessel without a rudder, at the mercy of every wind that blows; easily persuaded to do wrong, and to find out too late the error which he has committed; from a peaceful, industrious, and contented man, he becomes gloomy, morose, and discontented—a bad father and a worse husband—a misery to himself and dangerous to others.

"I consider, therefore, that in writing for the amusement and instruction of the poor man, I am doing that which has been but too much neglected—that I am serving my country, and you surely will agree with me that to do so is not *infra dig.* in the proudest Englishman; and, as a Conservative, you should commend rather than stigmatise my endeavours in the manner which you have so hastily done.

"Neither do I consider that the patrons of our expensive literature have any cause of complaint at the step which I have taken. When I have ministered to the wants of the humbler classes, I can wash my hands and face, put on clean linen, and make my appearance in the three aristocratic volumes which you consider as necessary to my self-respect. It will then be quite time enough to be '*caressed by generous publishers!!*' What a splendid metaphor that is of yours! How hope-inspiring! for it refers, of course, to futurity. The golden

era of literature approaches. Mercury, so long presiding over us, is at once unshipped from his pedestal; the great Jove himself becomes our patron, and, to follow up your magnificent conception, authors in future are, I presume, like other Danaës, to await the descent of whichever Jupiter shall *come down* with the most plentiful 'shower of gold!' What a delightful, transporting vision for a pitiful, peddling, positively disgusting, self-constituted starveling of Grub Street, and his fraternity! I think I see an author now, his pen arrested in its progress, his eyes cast up to the ceiling, waiting for the appearance of his celestial descendant, totally indifferent as to whether it be Murray, Colburn, Bentley, the Siamese Juncta, Saunders and Otley, Whittaker, Chappell, or Tegg. Nay, so far from dreading, welcoming the near approach of that comet of Paternoster Row, the long-tailed firm of Longman, Orme, Longman, Brown, Rees, Longman and Co.

"Caressed by generous publishers!! Truly, I may say that such a metaphor I never *met afore*. Authors must no longer write to their publishers in plain unvarnished language to inform them that they have books, like razors, to sell; but, refined by your tuition, despatch a perfumed billet-doux with—My dear Colburn, or My dear Bentley, 'Are you inclined to *caress* me? If so, come immediately.—Yours ever.'

"Such a communication from many of our fair authoresses will, I have no doubt, be well received; and I think I see Mr. Bentley impatiently pulling on his boots, or Mr. Colburn rubbing his hands with delight, till the carriage comes to the door; or Mr. Longman, senior, with truly parental solicitude forbidding the disappointed Thomas or William from responding in person to the dangerous communication.

"But a want of more time and space compels me to finish my prologue. The

curtain rises and once more the hebdomadal little Joey appears upon the scene."

* * * *

It is to be surmised that Captain Marryat continued to find Wimbledon "*triste* and dull," as in the spring of 1841, we find him again in lodgings in town, and busy on the first part of 'Masterman Ready,' which was translated both into French and German, as indeed were many of his works, some having found their way into the Spanish and Swedish languages.

Again he writes to his friend:

"120, Pall Mall, Feb. 13, 1841.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"That you may not think me unkind in refusing your invitation, I must tell you that I am much worse than I have made myself out in my former letters. I fell down as if I had been shot, a few days ago, and have been ever since obliged to be very quiet, and am not permitted to drink any-

thing but water, or undergo the least excitement, and you would offer me every description in the shape of beauty, mirth, revelry, and feasting, putting yourself out of the question. No, for my sins, sins in the shape of three volumes chiefly, and heavy sins too, I must now submit to mortification and penance. I am positively orbidden to write a line, but you may tell William and Dunny that the little book is finished and will be out at Easter, when they will be able to read it. I have been amusing myself with drawing all the illustrations myself and they will do very well, independent of saving me a great deal of money. Tell Mrs. —— I have received no letters from her, which I regret very much, but I have been so long confined to my room that I have not been to the club for weeks. Of course I shall obey her wishes, but why they should be burnt I cannot imagine; however, a lady's request is law to me. I will execute your order at

Fortnum & Mason's, if I can crawl up there this afternoon, but I move very slowly now, for my chest is very bad and my head not much better. I wish you a great deal of pleasure, and I have no doubt but that there will be many happy faces about you on Monday night; and I am glad to find that you are well enough to go through the fatigue. My kind regards to all, and

"Yours ever,

"F. MARRYAT."

At this time he took a house in town, No. 3, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, where he remained for more than a year; and it was whilst resident there, surrounded by his friends (amongst whom he numbered Lady Blessington, Lady Morgan, Lady Stepney, Charles Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth, George Cruikshank, Alfred d'Orsay, John Forster, Sir L. B. Lytton, Edwin Landseer, Clarkson Stanfield, and many others of equal celebrity), that, for a while,

he rested from the labours of authorship. It was here that, in the tiniest of houses, furnished according to his own taste, a very gem in point of its adornments—rich in pictures and *objets d'art*, clothed in velvet and decorated with hot-house flowers—he received visitors who made the little rooms brilliant with their conversation and their wit; and mixing with the gayest votaries of the world himself, formed a circle of acquaintance that extended from Devonshire House to Little Pedlington.

The following letters from and to Captain Marryat were written about this time:

"Liverpool,
"Tuesday, Sept. 8.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,*

"This morning, at half-past eight o'clock, I put Coz on board of the Shenandoah, and, having seen her towed out for half a mile by the tug, I considered that I

* His sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Marryat.

had done my duty. I therefore put my hands in my pockets and walked back again, meditating upon the bales of cotton, bars of iron, casks of flour, and various other articles which impeded my passage. I left her "as well as could be expected." She kept her spirits up very well to the last moment, and then she began to *pump*. I leave this for the good town of Whitehaven this evening, and from thence proceed to Cockermouth Castle, where I shall stay a week and no longer if I can get away. After which return to Liverpool and so on to London, and then to pay you a *visit*. Rather annoying that you should be away at the time; but I hope you will be amused, at all events. Give my love to George and Gina, and tell them that, as sure as there are snakes in Wirginny, I will come down and see them as soon as I have nothing very pressing to do.

"Coz has not written to my mother, or any one, so you are the sole proprietor of

the important intelligence contained in this letter. You can communicate it if you please, and think you will find favour in the sight of *ruling power*. Adieu, *Dieu vous bénisse.* Kind regards to Charles. Coz desired me to say that she loved you very much. So do I, and am, ever yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

"3, Spanish Place,
"Thursday.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"I hope to come down to see you some time next week, but at this present moment I hardly know whether I stand upon my head or my heels, so very busy and so very much annoyed I have been with various circumstances. When I do come I'll talk you 'clean out of sight,' as the Yankees say. Love to all, and ever yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Devonshire Terrace,
"July 16, 1842.

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"Most unquestionably and undoubtedly I expect you at six to day, to dinner. I should have sent you a reminder, but when the invitation has been given at dinner time, I have a delicacy in doing so, lest it should seem to intimate a suspicion that the invited one was drunk.

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"I think I can give you some hock today which will do your leg good."

"Devonshire Terrace,
"January 3.

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"Friday next—twelfth night—is the anniversary of my son and heir's birthday; on which occasion I am going to let off a magic lantern and other strong engines.

"I have asked some children of a larger growth (nearly all of whom you know) to

come and make merry. If you are in town, and will join as early as half-past seven or so, you will give us *very great* pleasure.

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

About this period Count d'Orsay took a portrait of him, in coloured crayons, one of a series of likenesses of which the first attempt was made on his own face.

His likeness of Captain Marryat is a failure, and, what is worse, the irregular features are vulgarised; but, as Alfred d'Orsay, in these sketches, failed to make himself handsome, he must be forgiven if he did not fashion Adonises out of less perfect clay.

The portrait of Captain Marryat was painted in oils by Simpson, the favourite pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and originally executed to head the first number of the 'Metropolitan Magazine.' He was also drawn in water colours, by Behnes, which

drawing was afterwards engraved as a frontispiece to the 'Pirate and Three Cutters'; but Simpson's portrait is considered more like him than any other. His bust was taken by Carew.

Although not handsome, Captain Marryat's personal appearance was very prepossessing. In figure he was upright and broad shouldered for his height, which measured 5 ft. 10 in. His hands, without being undersized, were remarkably perfect in form, and modelled by a sculptor at Rome on account of their symmetry. The character of his mind was borne out by his features, the most salient expression of which was the frankness of an open heart. The firm decisive mouth, and massive thoughtful forehead, were redeemed from heaviness by the humorous light that twinkled in his deep-set grey eyes, which, bright as diamonds, positively flashed out their fun, or their reciprocation of the fun of others. As a young man, dark crisp curls covered

his head; but later in life, when, having exchanged the sword for the pen and the ploughshare, he affected a soberer and more patriarchal style of dress and manner, he wore his grey hair long, and almost down to his shoulders. His eyebrows were not alike, one being higher up and more arched than the other, which peculiarity gave his face a look of inquiry, even in repose. In the upper lip was a deep cleft, and in his chin as deep a dimple—a pitfall for the razor, which, from the ready growth of his dark beard, he was often compelled to use twice a day. Like most warm-hearted people he was quick to take offence, and no one could have decided, after an absence of six months, with whom he was friends and with whom he was not. One who knew him as intimately as it was possible for any man to do, writes of him in these words:

"His faults proceeded from an *over active* mind, which could never be quiet—morning,

noon, or night. If he had no one to love, he quarrelled for want of something better to do; he planned for himself and for everybody, and changed his mind ten times a day. His restlessness of spirit would have quickly worn out the body of a less vigorous man."

This restless activity of spirit was visible in him indeed at all times: he would get up in the middle of the night or before dawn, and, bursting into his brother's room, rouse him from sleep with some newly hatched plan of starting at once for Austria, buying a *château* in Hungary, or camping out in the desert for three years, by which means a great fortune would be realised; and grave would be his indignation when the disturbed sleeper turned wearily on his pillow, and entreated him to let him go to sleep again. But when in a good humour, Captain Marryat could be charming, especially with young people, though his manners were brusque and, at

first, somewhat alarmed them. His knowledge of nature was most extensive, and he might often be seen surrounded by an audience of delighted little ones, listening with open eyes and mouths to his descriptions of the wonders of the deep or the natural history of the creation.

About this time Captain Marryat sold the copyright of his celebrated 'Code of Signals' to Mr. Richardson, of Cornhill, and subsequently made a fresh agreement with the same gentleman, by which, on condition of his adding to or altering the flags as required, he was entitled to receive a fourth part of the profits on all copies sold during his lifetime. The year following this arrangement they jointly cleared a profit of between five and six hundred pounds.

In 1842 the second and third volumes of 'Masterman Ready' made their appearance. By this time Captain Marryat was beginning to long for a quieter life, and to

contemplate taking up his residence altogether at Langham Manor, and the following letter to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Marryat, was written in the early part of the summer of 1843 :

"My dear Caroline,

"I am really so immersed in business — what with getting furniture for Langham, printing a book to pay for said furniture, and, moreover, a knee which might be better—that I cannot come to you this week. I hardly know if I can promise next week, as I leave for Langham on Thursday or Friday. All I can say is, I will if I can, if it is only for one day, as I am as anxious to see you as you are to see me. I will try on Monday or Tuesday, but the weather is against me; this too solid flesh of ours does melt most terribly. Where are you going to? Somewhere, I presume. Suppose you wait till I have been down to Langham and put things to

rights. I have no curtains, but I have four spare beds to offer you; and, if you bring down your cook, you might contrive to exist. I can promise you plenty of game, plenty of sea breezes, but no bathing; you must go on to Cromer for that. By-the-by, what a nice plan it would be to put the nurses and children at Cromer, while you staid part of the time with me. You can go nearly the whole way by steam. Think of this, and when we meet the affair shall be canvassed.

"Yours very truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

CHAPTER V.

Settles at Langham—The Manor House—Dogs and pony—Tastes—The poor of the village—'Monsieur Violet'—Correspondence.

THERE is something almost touching in the way in which men of talent in the vigour of their manhood, and the zenith of their fame will retire, from the busy and brilliant life in which they have taken a foremost part, into comparative obscurity. Captain Marryat, whilst the remembrance of the services he had rendered to his country was still fresh in the world's memory, and his literary fame was growing daily more assured, whilst his social qualities and bodily strength were unimpaired by so much as a suspicion of the terrible disease that after-

wards assailed them, suddenly banished himself into a corner of the great agricultural county of Norfolk, and brought all the resources of his wealthy mind to bear upon the cultivation of stock. Yet he seems to have anticipated such a finale to his active career, for in the unpublished fragment of his 'Life of Lord Napier,' there occur these words:

"Most sailors when they retire from the service turn to agriculture, and, generally speaking, they make very good farmers. There appears something very natural in this. When Adam was created a man in full vigour he naturally took to the labours of the field. And what is a sailor—who, although he has run all over the world, has in fact never lived on it—when you plant him on shore, but a sort of Adam—a new creature, starting into existence as it were in his prime? For all his former life has been, as far as terrestrial affairs are concerned, but a deep sleep. There have been many definitions of man by various philosophers, all

of them extremely absurd; it appears to me that the true definition of man is, that he is a *creative* animal, which no other living creature is. It is true that he cannot, like his God, start a being into life, but he imitates his creative power as far as he is able: he builds; he plants; he changes the face of nature; he raises woods where nothing higher than the thistle waved to the breeze, he levels forests and turns the site of them into verdure and fertility. Examine all the greatest pleasures of man, and you will find that they consist in imitating the Deity in his creative power, and the more refined the intellect, the higher the aspirations of the soul, the greater the delight received from these noble attempts."

* * * * *

When Captain Marryat revisited his country house he found that the tenant who rented the larger farm on the estate had not only taken all he could out of the land without putting anything in it, but

had attempted to turn an honest (?) penny by fitting up the drawing-room of the manor, then uninhabited, with rows of beds, which he let out to tramps at twopence a night. Into the boudoir the birds of the air had been allowed free entrance, and as its walls and ceiling were painted to imitate rose-covered trellis work and sky, the simple country sparrows had been deluded into the idea that they had discovered umbrageous shelter, and built their nests there accordingly. The mimic birds, which were pictured flying about or settled on the branches, were by Audubon, and the feathered bipeds of Langham had acknowledged his talent as a naturalist and painter by fraternizing with them, although, from the fact of their being chiefly specimens from the tropics, they could hardly have recognised them as old acquaintances.

This boudoir, from having mirrors set in the panels of the folding doors, which, when opened to face each other, reflected the

trellised pillars backward and forward until their number appeared interminable, was called by the village people the "Room of a Thousand Columns"—a name so suggestive of the palaces in the 'Arabian Nights,' or the *Café des Milles Colonnes* at Paris, that it would never be supposed to have emanated from the thick and muddy brains of the Norfolk peasantry. Langham Manor, without having any great architectural pretensions, had a certain unconventional prettiness of its own. It was a cottage in the Elizabethan style, built after the model of one at Virginia Water belonging to His late Majesty George IV., with latticed windows opening on to flights of stone steps ornamented with vases of flowers, and leading down from the long, narrow dining-room, where (surrounded by Clarkson Stanfield's illustrations of 'Poor Jack,' with which the walls were clothed) Captain Marryat composed his later works, to the lawn behind. The house was thatched and

gabled, and its pinkish-white walls and round porch were covered with roses and ivy, which in some parts climbed as high as the roof itself. When he wrote in the dining-room, he always selected a corner of the table that commanded a view of the lawn, on which his favourite bull, Ben Brace, was generally tethered; and here, with his papers scattered about him and a couple of dogs at his feet, he would settle himself down to play the part of a country gentleman. These dogs, great pets of his, were two very beautiful, but utterly useless, creatures; Zinny, a large-eyed black-and-tan spaniel of the King Charles breed, with a broad short head weighed down by a combination of humility and length of ear, who never dared to trespass beyond his master's boots, but from that lowly position languished and cringed and rolled over, a deprecating mass of stupidity and floss silk;*

* Afterwards the property of Annie Thomas, author of 'Denis Donne,' &c., to whom it was presented by Captain

and Juno, a tiny black Italian greyhound, all spring and activity, with slender limbs and almost hairless skin, who would leap upon the author's table. and indulge in a wild scamper over his papers, and when rebuked for her forwardness, creep under his coat and lie there blissfully contented.

Captain Marryat tried very hard to be a regular farmer. He built model cottages and instituted model pigsties; but both cottagers and pigs proved averse to anything like a progressive movement. He turned his attention to guano, and made himself master of Ben Brace's pedigree: put on gaiters, and, mounting a rough, thickset, shooting pony, rode about from dyke to ditch, and from ditch to dyke, standing patiently for hours whilst he watched the men drain the "Fox Covert" or exorcise the will-o'-the-wisp from the "Decoy Meadow"; but for all that, he was

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Marryat, she being then a little child, and almost as familiar with him as one of his own.

a farmer in theory only, and not in practice. Yet there are few in that country side that have not something to tell of him, and most of its poorer inhabitants preserve a reverential memory, and have a loving word to say, of one whose talent and cordiality went hand in hand to win him golden opinions, if his skill in farming was not entitled to honest admiration.

His pony, which was most appropriately called "Dumpling," was so inseparable a companion of his that few remember one without the other. He was of Hanoverian breed, cream-coloured, with a black hogged mane and long tail, and a dark mark across his shoulders and down his back, like that of a donkey, of which animal's nature he also strongly partook; his chief merit consisting in the fact that, if left to himself, he was warranted to stand still. He was a very cunning beast, and if mounted by any one he did not like (and his dislikes were general), would rub their

legs up against a wall or post till he forced them to dismount again. His back was broad and long, and his legs were short and sturdy, yet he was a pony who objected to work of any shape or kind; but with his master he was well enough behaved, which may account for Captain Marryat being fond of what all the rest of the world disliked. And "Dumpling" was essentially a shooting pony, and would allow any number of shots to be fired between his ears, without having his serenity disturbed.

Captain Marryat, on account of his short-sightedness, was not much of a sportsman. When he did carry a gun he wore an eye-glass, which he had mounted himself after a rather novel fashion. It was a plain piece of crystal surrounded by a strip of whalebone, the ends of which, bound together with twine, formed a long handle. This was stuck through a hole cut in the brim of his hat, and so arranged as to hang down in

front of his right eye. (For reading at night, he wore strong double glasses). So, mounted on "Dumpling," and attired in a velveteen shooting coat, mud-bespattered highlows, and a "shocking bad hat," he used to ride about his farm in all weathers; for although he was most particular about his personal surroundings, he cared nothing at this period for his dress or personal appearance; and, with the exception of his linen, the garments which he usually wore were scarcely worth the consideration of the poorest in the village. To judge from his writings, in which his keen sense of humour too often borders on a want of refinement, the delicacy which he displayed in the details of every-day life would hardly have been expected of him. The bed and dressing rooms which he occupied, called the "Blue Rooms," from the colour of their furniture, were about equal in size; and if a person's character may be read (as is sometimes affirmed) upon his toilet table, a

stranger introduced there would have pronounced Captain Marryat to be a dandy. He was a scrupulously clean man, and very neat in the arrangement of his drawers and wardrobe. Packing, or as he termed it, "stowing away," was his forte; and he could manage to get a larger quantity into a smaller space than any one, except a sailor like himself. Whilst in the country, he always breakfasted at eight o'clock, and would have none but pure white china, such as is used on the Continent, upon the table—a fancy that involved the trouble of sending abroad to replace the missing articles, whenever breakages or other casualties had thinned the ranks of the service. After his early breakfast, he never ate again until his dinner-time, twelve hours later. He was not a great smoker, only now and then indulging himself with a cigar; but he took an immense quantity of snuff, much to the dissatisfaction of the little greyhound, Juno, into whose eyes it was

sure to fall whenever she tried to bury her nose in the folds of his waistcoat.

Captain Marryat was a generous landlord and a kind friend to the labouring people round about his property; they all knew that they possessed his sympathy; and a poor fellow, whilst in the dreaded Union, has even gone without his scanty dinner in order that he might take it away with him to show the "Captain," quite certain that at the next board the part of the working man would be taken against the guardians of the poor. He raised a great tumult by his attempts to balk his brother magistrates in their vengeance against the poacher—a plant indigenous to the soil of Norfolk as it then was; and at one time, in utter disregard of the prognostications of evil with which he was favoured, on the principle that trust begets trust, he picked the most notorious offender in the neighbourhood out of the mire into which public opinion had cast him and raised him to the honourable post of his

own gamekeeper. Captain Marryat's confidence, in this instance, was not betrayed; for William Barnes proved a faithful and attached servant, first to himself, and afterwards to his son Frank, whom he accompanied to California, where he still remains, leading a steady and respectable life.

When Captain Marryat so abruptly disappeared from among the crowd of which he had been a prominent member, his friends made several attempts to win him from the seclusion upon which he had entered, by the most seductive offers of good dinners and good company.

Mr. Forster, in a letter written during the summer of 1843, presses him to join in a dinner to a mutual friend, on "his starting for Yankee-doodle-dodom," and at which many well known to him were to be present:—

"Stanfield says you meditated a run to London at this very time, and I am fain to hope I shall have a welcome 'YĔS' from

you by return of post, and that you will leave your farming and your crops, and come and shake all of us by the hand."

But this was his reply:

"Langham,
"August 24, 1843.

"MY DEAR FORSTER,

"I would go much further than Richmond, and undergo much greater privation, to show my respect and goodwill for Macready, who, in my opinion, is a trump; but I must put my case before you. It is three weeks back, nearly, that I received an invitation from one of the *nobs* of this county to dine with him—the first invitation I have ever received from him, although well acquainted; and I found, when I was at Lord Leicester's the other day at a cricket match, that several of my friends were asked *expressly to meet me.* This dinner is on Friday, the 25th, and I cannot get off without being guilty of positive rudeness and incivility, as it has evidently been made up for me. I would start on

Saturday morning, but if I do I cannot possibly arrive at Richmond before half-past ten or eleven o'clock at night, by which time the company, if not dispersed, will probably not recognise me. I am very sorry for it, as I should very much have wished to have been there; and the harvest, certainly, should have been no obstacle. Assure Macready of my best wishes, and regret that I am prevented by *good manners* from joining in such good fellowship. I wrote to Stanfield relative to the select party down here in September. You can talk it over with them at Richmond, as I believe you will all be there. I shall be up for a few days some time next week, when I hope to see you.

"Very truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

Meanwhile, he was busy writing the 'Travels of Monsieur Violet,' supposed to be founded on those of Chateaubriand, in

the wilds of the New World, but in reality the travels of a young Frenchman of the name of Lasalle, who stayed down at Langham for the express purpose of relating his adventures to his biographer, and who must be well remembered by the people of the place, whom he greatly astonished by performing war-dances and lassoing horses on the farm of the manor, for their edification and amusement. Mr. Forster, who was ill at the time he received this work, writes: "But then, you know, there are reliefs, and your Monsieur has been of service to me in fighting the enemy Pain. Thank you for him very much."

About the same time Captain Marryat wrote and received the following letters:

"Langham, near Blakeney.
"August, 1843.

"MY DEAR STANFIELD,

"Although I shall be in town at the latter end of this month, I write to you that we may not be disappointed in our

intended party down here in September, and I think you had better at once make the arrangements as to the time of coming, so as to meet the wishes of all. I believe we have only mentioned Landseer, Maclise, Dickens, Forster, and yourself. Are there any more that you would wish to add to the list? as I can find room for one, if not two, as I only expect Blanche* and my boy Frank, who has just arrived from the Mediterranean in the *Vanguard*. The harvest is so late that we do not expect to begin this ten days, and therefore the corn will not be off the ground until about the 10th of September. I mention this, as those who are fond of shooting will not have any until the harvest is in. But I suspect that shooting is not the great desideratum with you and those that accompany you. You come for fresh air, amusement, fun, and a hearty welcome, all of which I will try hard to procure for you. However, settle

* His eldest daughter.

that matter as you please; I leave it all to you; and when you have so done and let me know I will, if necessary, write the invitations and dispatch them. At all events, I shall see you in about a fortnight, if I live and do well.

"My crops look well, and I shall begin harvest sooner than most others. I shall have them all in before I come to town.

"Your picture is hung up, and is *magnifique*. It met with a small accident before it was hung up, and there is a hole in the canvas; but it is easily repaired—it is in the *water*.

"My best compliments to Mrs. Stanfield and Mary.

"Yours ever truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Broadstairs, Kent,
"Sept. 6, 1843.

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"A hundred thanks for your kind note, and the renewal of your hospitable

invitation, and for your truly friendly suggestion in the joint matter of Macready and Liverpool. The same thought had occurred to me, but I felt it would seem so ridiculous to people who didn't 'know our country,' that I really lacked the courage to give it utterance. As soon as I heard what you had said, I resolved, of course, to keep away, and did so.

"It gives me great pleasure to find that you like the tickling. I shall go in again before I have done, and give the eagle a final poke under his fifth rib.

"I fear I cannot say, with any degree of certainty, sooner than the *third* week in October for the pleasures of Langham; but, please God, I shall be ready about the 19th or 20th. I will make this known to Maclise and Forster, and we will send you a threatening letter when the time approaches. Kate (that's Mrs. Dickens) is very thankful for your kind recollection of her, and begs me to say that she hopes to have the

pleasure of knowing your daughter well. I fear, however, that she will not be fit for travelling. A coming event casts its shadow before. Still, she can't make up her mind to a capital *No* yet.

"My dear Marryat,

"Cordially yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Langham, Sept. 11.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"It is a very difficult affair to get a good donkey and a large one. I do not know of one anywhere about here, except one in my own possession, who is of a large size, and very virtuous for a donkey, going well in harness and saddle, and very fast when he thinks proper. He has always been much petted, and with kindness will, I have no doubt, do well, especially if to fair words you add a few oats. It will further suit Charles's economy and my feelings if you will accept him from me;

and of course you will call him *Fred the Second*. Am I to send him up by railway? If so, he must go to Norwich. What the expense will be I cannot tell, as I do not think that donkeys are enumerated among the passengers; but Charles can inquire in London, and when you write again let me know all about it. It will cost five shillings to get him to Norwich.

"Love to gr. ma and others.

"Ever yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

After getting in the crops he pays a flying visit to London, as he mentions to Mr. Forster.

"I was out of town two days after I went up. I was near you, at my lawyers, or I should not have had time to call. There was no need of sending me down your note to prove your kind feelings. I gave you credit for them, without receiving the invite."

Later in the autumn he again writes:

"Langham,
"October 9, 1843.

"MY DEAR FORSTER,

"As you appear to be the locomotive which can put this first-class train in motion, and as this is the second week in October, I write to you to ascertain whether the honourable parties are still of the same mind, and intend to honour me with a visit. I am sorry that by putting it off they have lost so much fine weather — but there is a little sunshine left.

"Dickens said he would come in the third week in October, others the second— so how is it to be? I know not. All I can say is, that I shall be most happy to see them all; but at the same time, if it has become really inconvenient, from their engagements, I should be sorry that they should come down and consider it a bore. I do not consider that, although I asked them as a party, therefore a party it

must remain. Let those come who like, and those who do not, put it off till another time. Those who can come will have a sincere welcome, those who cannot, sincere regret for their absence. But I know how difficult it is to make up a party, for 'many men have many minds.'

"I hope you received the second volume of 'Violet'—some queer stories!!!

"Let me hear from you, and believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT.'

CHAPTER VI.

Correspondence—Anecdotes of Captain Marryat's sons—He revisits London—Letters to his friends—'The Settlers.'

"Langham,
"November 4, 1843.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"I should have written to you before, but I have been very much occupied and bothered these last few weeks. Frank came down here with Augusta and Emily* about four weeks back, and will remain, I presume, about the same time, when I hope he will be appointed to a ship. I have applied for a steamer on the home station, in which he may remain until we ascertain what may be the result of Belcher's catastrophe. They seem inclined to think

* His daughters.

that even if he raises his vessel he must come home; but still the Admiralty know at present no more than the public. My opinion is that he must come home to refit, as I do not find that he has saved any of his surveying paraphernalia—however, a short time will decide. Frank is very like Frederick in his humour and mischief, but considerably steadier, still not over steady. Like all midshipmen, he turns the house upside down, and very much disturbs the economy and well regulating of a family. I shall not be able to do much with his sisters until he is gone, as anything serious is out of the question. However, midshipmen do not remain long on shore, so at present I submit to it, although he ought to be always followed by a housemaid with a broom to sweep after him, and a carpenter to repair damages. The girls are doing well. * * * I have begun Italian with them, and shall keep them well employed as soon as Master Frank is summoned to

serve his Queen and country. * * *
I do not intend to have a governess for them. I can teach them, and will teach them, better than any governess can; and as for music, I do not think that Augusta will suffer much, as she has already had offers of instruction, &c., from some of the ladies here, and, when she is better acquainted, will get on very well, as she practices every day. We have a very musical neighbourhood here. By-the-by my young ladies have already obtained a reputation since their arrival, not for female accomplishments or beauty, but for being *true game* as the people call it—Emily for mounting a pony never mounted before (she soon parted company with him), and Augusta for doing what I am certain no man in this county would venture upon, knowing the consequences—which she did not. We were rat-catching the other day; our rats are very large and very venomous in their bites. It being a lady's amusement,

I permitted the girls to be present, and Augusta actually seized with her hands, and held on for a minute until the dogs came, an enormous rat, whose bite would have crushed the bones of any finger she had. All the people present were astonished, not only at her boldness, but at her escape from being bitten, which was marvellous; and the ratcatcher himself said that he would not have done it for £5. In a county like this things get wind fast, and yesterday, when I was at the magistrates' meeting, they asked me how the young lady was who seized rats. You must know that our Norfolk rats are quite as large as well-grown guinea pigs, and a rat bite is a *two months' affair* at least, they are so venomous. Since I have been here they have killed two of my ferrets in single combat, so you may imagine the size of them. However, 'All's well that ends well,' and I have made Gussy promise that she will leave rats in future for the dogs.

* * * * * *

"I have got rid of my house in Spanish Place—not very well, but still it is off my hands, and no longer an expense. I have got a small premium, and £20 a year additional rent.

* * * * *

"This is a long letter for me to write. I hate the post, for every second letter is bad news, and I hate writing almost as much. If you let your house, come down, and economise; I can take you in with all your babies.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Of Captain Marryat's eldest son Frederick, mentioned in this letter (a fine, wild, generous fellow, who perished in his prime by the wreck of the *Avenger*), many stories might be told quite as amusing as those which signalised the early life of his father. He was a universal favourite, but the pranks he sometimes played in his profes-

sion alarmed even the least sober among his companions. Amongst his boyish escapades it is related how, when his ship once lay off Gib, he used to be selected to command the boat which took a certain blind admiral to and from the shore, and part of his duty consisted in telling the old gentleman whenever an officer saluted him in passing. The temptation to mischief was too strong for poor Fred; the warning, "Officer saluting you, sir," was given upon all occasions, necessary or otherwise, and the old admiral was never allowed to rest quiet two minutes without raising his hand to his hat.

The trick played upon so important a personage having been discovered, Mr. Midshipman Marryat was transferred to another ship in disgrace; when he piled all his baggage in a boat so as to resemble a coffin, covered it with the Union Jack for a pall, and played the 'Dead March in Saul' on a cornopean as he was conveyed to his new destination.

On another occasion he was serving in a ship off Singapore, and not on the best terms with his captain, who, on giving a ball on board, omitted Mr. Marryat's name from the list of invitations. On the following day however, when all the glass and crockery which had been hired for the guests were ready packed to go back on shore, he was the one told off, with malice prepense, to command the boat. On receiving the order, Midshipman Fred appeared on deck, slowly and indolently.

"Make haste, sir!" cried the indignant captain. "Run, sir—jump!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the ready response; and jump he did, right over the ship's side, and dashed into the midst of the hired crockery, the destruction amongst which may be better imagined than described.

The younger boy, Frank, was entered on the roll of the navy at the tender age of three years, and his father used to say that when he took him up for that purpose to

the Port Admiral at Plymouth, and the officer, wishing to be gracious, patted the little one (who was attired in the costume of a seaman) on the head, with the observation, "Well, you're a fine little fellow," the youngster set all the bystanders in a roar by the cool reply, "And you're a fine old cock too!"

It was not until the beginning of the next year that Captain Marryat revisited London.

"120, Pall Mall,
"January 10, 1844.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"Your letter of the 27th September I found at the Club on my arrival in town yesterday. I have been down in Norfolk for a long while, and am so occupied that I have not been six weeks in town these last eighteen months. I am sorry that it should have laid so long unanswered, as you must have thought not only that I was very rude, but that I intended to cut the intimacy,

which is far from my intention. There is, I believe, an oscillation in everything in this world, and that is the only reason I can give for our apparent coolness, as on my side I have never thought of you but with pleasure; but I believe we both have had our own affairs to look after more seriously than before, and, in our own interests, we are apt to put aside our friends for the time being. I have been absorbed in felling, draining, building, and repairing, and have been out of the world for a long time. You, I know, have had your troubles and difficulties as well as I; and self for the time has made us forget each other. I believe this is a very rational way of accounting for our apparent coolness. I have not had the gout, but I did have a severe attack of rheumatism, which has compelled me to be more careful of myself than I usually have been. I am now fixed at Langham. We are all ruined by West India property being so bad. My brothers suffer most, but it

will hit us all very hard. Patience, I can live upon my farm. I am going to call upon Osmond as soon as I have finished this letter. Is there any chance of seeing you? God bless you! and believe me

"Most truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Pall Mall,
"January 16, 1844.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"I presume by your letter, which I have read with great pleasure, that you are not aware that I have given up my town house, and live altogether down at the manor at Langham; and moreover, I am farming on a large scale, so much so that my presence is almost always necessary, and that it is only perforce that I come up to this overgrown metropolis. I have been up for a fortnight as the utmost of my absence, and next Monday I shall be compelled to start back for Langham. I fear, therefore,

that there is little chance of our meeting just now. Country life and country pursuits agree with me, and I can there cultivate the virtues of temperance and sobriety much better than when dining out in London, and being compelled to drink against my will. Many thanks for your kind invitation, but all your baits to me as a *gourmet*, added to what renders them *nil*, the wish to see you, cannot take me away from my farm. It must be attended to, or I shall not do well. You forget that there is large capital invested in a farm, and that a farmer is as much a man of business as a merchant.

"I should like very much that M. A. would come down to Langham, and stay a good stay with us. We could make her very happy; but I do not want two of them, as it would be one too many for the horses, carriages, &c., and one would be obliged to remain at home, which is never pleasant. If she will come I will ask her, and come

up for her. At all events, if she is inclined to come, I will arrange everything *comme il faut.* Tell her so when you see or write to her. —— is sufficient chaperon for her, although I rather suspect that Miss A. is more fit to chaperon her; but custom is everything, and a small hoop of gold on the finger makes a flirt and coquette into a trustworthy matron. I really beg F——'s pardon for not mentioning her, but I was thinking of her mother. Pray, kiss her for me, and some day I hope to have the pleasure of letting her learn what sort of a person her godfather is.

"Adieu! God bless you! Kind regards to your husband, and

"Very sincerely yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

The annexed letter from the author of 'Little Pedlington,' is introduced here, as it may be interesting to many who knew him, or have laughed over his writings:

"Brighton,
"39, Black Lion Street,
"March 4.

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"Did you ever receive a letter from me, dated a long while ago, in reply to yours of about the same date? You never told me you did. Are you settled in the country for life? Everybody has sought for information from me upon that point—Yates, Crofton, Price, Frank Mills, in short, as I have said, everybody. All I have been able to tell them is, 'I don't know,' which leaves them about as wise as they were before. What are you doing? Something, I suppose, more agreeable to the 'world' than merely planting and building. I—and I am sure you will be sorry to hear it—am doing nothing. For nearly eight months, since a short time before Christmas, I have been suffering the same calamity as, for a much longer period, afflicted Wilkie (the painter)—a suspension of mental power. For all that time I have

not been able to produce a line, *literally, not a single line!* Like him, my general health is good; in conversation I am the same as ever. I can write a common note, but the instant I sit down to a sheet of paper to *work*, it is all *buzz*. I have been ordered out of town for change of air and scene—to go to Paris for a few weeks, or over to the French coast, and not attempt to write, as I have doggedly done daily; but all I have been able to accomplish is to come here, where I have been a fortnight. I read and walk a great deal, and think I begin to see daylight; and high time it is I should, for, as the articles I have *not* written have not fetched very high prices, this affliction (for it is no less) has played old gooseberry with me. But enough of that. I saw Chamier, who is here. He left G—— in Paris. G—— has written a book (nautical), and as he wants money (a most uncommon want!) Chamier thinks it would assist him if you would edit it.

"Chamier tells of a very silly gentleman, who went to one E——, a corn-cutter here. This gentleman having been relieved of his corns, the operator demanded forty-five guineas for his work; and the silly gentleman was silly enough to pay it! I say he was the greater fool, for he might have gone to a respectable surgeon and had his leg cut off for the money. I was told this by B——, who says the story is confirmed by B——, the banker.

"And so, my dear Marryat,

"Yours ever sincerely,

"JOHN POOLE.

"High water
Haut eau } Is that a correct translation?

"The weather here is beautiful except the wind and rain, which are incessant. They spoil the races; and the more is the pity, for they are by *live* horses."

"Langham,
"May 26, 1844.

"To Mrs. Charles Marryat,

* * * *

"I am very quiet here, and do not go out on a visit once in three months. I have plenty to do, and have just begun to see my way clear. It has, until lately, been all money spent; now the returns come, not fast, but very satisfactorily. This rain has done my heart good, and my crops also. I was very short of grass indeed, and I began to tremble about my stock, for I have ten horses and seventeen cows to provide for. Fortunately, I sold my sheep in the spring. But now I think I shall do, and after the summer I shall have plenty of pasture for the future. I am on my legs from morning till night, for I am my own bailiff and superintend everything myself. I shall have a hard year of it this year, but next year I hope to be out of difficulty. The girls get on very well, and are very happy: they have plenty of

amusement, and sufficient employment to make them enjoy it. I consider them wonderfully improved, and so I think you would say.

* * * *

"But although I am much distressed by this unfortunate affair,* yet I am not unhappy. It is not great blows like these that disturb us; we get over them. It is the petty annoyances that make us miserable, and I thank heaven I have none of them. My children are good, my household do their duty, we have no quarrelling or discontent among ourselves, and I have plenty of employment that interests me, as there is profit and loss attending on it.

* * * *

"I am now printing my second work for children, 'The Settlers,' and I hope it will be out in June. I like it myself, and therefore I think the public will also. I do not

* Captain Marryat had received news that greatly distressed him a short time before.

think I shall come to town this year, unless I am obliged: I have no wish to come, and it costs money. I now look at a shilling twice before I part with it, and pocket coppers with complacency.

"Adieu, Caroline. *Toujours à vous,*

"F. MARRYAT."

"Langham,
"Friday, 15th, 1844.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"I shall be most happy to give my votes to Margaret Emily Denny as soon as I receive the papers, which, by-the-by, they do not always send since I have been down here. Perhaps Charles will see to that when the time arrives. I have a letter from Frank, in which he states that he has joined the *Samarang*, and I have also information that the *Cambrian* is ordered to remain out till February, so that Frederick will not be home till June or July.

"Ellen ought to have made her appear-

ance last night, and I sat up till twelve o'clock, although she should have arrived here at nine. I presume, Wednesday being a bad day for sight-seeing, she remained at Cambridge. I expect that a letter this morning will explain; and I shall probably not send this for another day, that there may be no alarm unnecessarily created by her non-appearance. I am glad to say that I have finished my new work for young people, and am again at leisure. I shall now play a little, although I have something ready to take up as soon as I feel inclined. I am sure that I work for my bread, and am thankful to God that I am favoured with the means of so doing. That polka is certainly an epidemic. I was at Raynham* before the girls came down, and the Townshends were dancing it there and gave me a lesson. Since the girls have been here it is polka upstairs and downstairs, in the dining-room before and after

* Seat of Lord Townshend.

dinner, and I am pulled up to dance it every hour. They have commenced it in the kitchen, and one or two of the maids are pretty expert. We have established a Sunday-school, and, as they go two and two, I fully expect that they will polka to church and back again. Emily declares that it was the polka that David danced before the ark, an assertion which if difficult to prove is equally difficult to disprove. We have had sad blustering weather here, and at a time that we do not like it, as it interferes so much with getting in the wheat; mine is all in this afternoon, but many have a great deal to sow yet. I am in great hopes that I have secured a governess, but cannot tell yet; at all events, she is a good musician, which is very important to me, as the expense of a master coming twenty-six miles—from Norwich—is rather too much for a farmer; and one lesson costs more than it does to feed my whole household for a week.

"*Saturday.* — Ellen arrived yesterday evening in good preservation. She has been jigging it all over the country, having been at Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, and Norwich, by way of a short cut.

"Adieu. *Le bon Dieu vous préserve.*

"*Toujours à vous,*

"F. MARRYAT."

During the summer of 1844 we still find Captain Marryat buried in the country, and resisting the many temptations held out by his friends to induce him to leave it.

Mr. Stanfield tries his hand at a little persuasion, but without effect.

"Charles Dickens is about to leave England with his family for one whole year, to visit foreign parts, previous to which we are about to bestow on the said Charles Dickens a complimentary dinner, to be eaten at Greenwich. Now, Forster, Maclise, and myself, who have the arrangement of the above dinner, would be very

glad indeed if you could and *would* make one amongst us on the occasion. I wish you would! I think really a run up to town would do you good; at any rate, it would rejoice us much to have you with us on the present occasion."

"Langham,
"Sept. 24, 1844.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I have had no intelligence to give you worth writing about. I have had one or two unsatisfactory letters from ——, who falls very fast in my opinion of her. However, what is done cannot be undone. I also am afraid that you are right in your suspicions of ——, and that she is playing a double game; but God only knows the secrets of all hearts. I do not want, however, to enter any more into the business at present. I have really been so worried, that I am glad to fly to any employment which will not allow me to think. Everything seems to go wrong, and I now give

up all hopes of finding tranquility and quiet in this world. I must look for it in that where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;' and, provided I am prepared as well as a sinful mortal can be, I care not how soon it comes. If I want to live now, it is only that I may become a better man. * * * I intend, as I cannot come up myself till after Christmas, to send Florence and Caroline * up on Monday next, the 1st of December. They will be taken up by young Stanfield, who is down here on a visit, and will go to Mr. Hay's. I mention it to you as I think you said something about wanting to have them down at Wimbledon for a day or two, and, if you let me know what you wish, I will give directions accordingly. They are good, truthful children, although they are rather wild; but the latter is of no consequence.

* * * *

* His two youngest daughters.

"We have raised wages here to enable the poor people to live, for bread has risen very high, although wheat is going down. We are also trying to get up a national school; whether we shall succeed or not I know not. There is a difficulty about the ground for building it upon, which is not yet got over; and then we have to raise the money, which is another difficulty. But this is a world of difficulties. Love to Ellen and Kate, and, dear mother,

"Yours most truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

In the autumn of this year Captain Marryat published 'The Settlers,' the second story in the 'Juvenile Library,' and received the following communication from Mr. Hood:

"St. John's Wood,
"Oct. 22, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have been requested to introduce to you Mr. Moore, who has some literary

proposal to make to you, which, as 'The Naval War with Young France' has evaporated, you may have leisure to entertain. I believe he wants a novel, not necessarily a three-decker, but in one, two, or three vols., according to the subject or the author's inclination—to my thinking, a very sensible latitude.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Yours very truly,

"THOS. HOOD."

The proposal made was that Captain Marryat should write a book, in three volumes, for a periodical about to be started, and called 'The Novel Times.' Nothing further, however, was done in the matter, as he himself maintained to Mr. Moore that his name would "*do the publication more harm than good.*"

CHAPTER VII.

Correspondence — System of reward and punishment — Affection for his children—'The Mission'—'Life of Lord Collingwood' — 'The Privateersman' — More Letters—'Valérie.'

CAPTAIN MARRYAT attempted at this period to find a suitable person to undertake the education of his daughters, and Mrs. S—— appears to have interested herself in the search, as in a letter to her, dated Langham, November 16th, 1844, after complaining of the decreased value of West India property, he remarks, "But I did not imagine that the price of sugar could have had any effect, as it appears to have done, upon the governesses of Great Britain."

A week after, the subject is renewed

in another communication to the same lady:

"Langham,
"Nov. 26, 1844.

"My dear Mrs. S——,

"Many thanks for your trouble with respect to the coquetting Miss W. I have decided that I will do nothing until I go to London. Miss W. may have considered the circumstances by that time, and, if not, I should like to see Miss B. myself. My little girls must get on as they can till then, which they will have no objection to. I think of going up for a fortnight about Christmas time, and when I have procured a governess to leave with my girls during my absence, I shall then be able to come up in the spring, or at any other time that I feel inclined. They have sent me the 'Athenæum,' who is always very inveterate against me. It has attacked 'The Settlers,' upon the same grounds as it has generally done my other works, 'That I am a

quarter-deck captain who defies critics, and trifles with the public, writing carelessly and not even good English; taking it for granted that the public are to read just what I think proper to write.' There may be some truth in it, for all I know is, one does not know one's self. That I care nothing for criticism like the 'Athenæum's,' is, I fear, very true; and I believe I am a proud sort of person for an author, as I neither dedicate to great men nor give dinners to literary gentlemen, and dogs will snap if they are not well fed.. You ask me about my next work. I am happy to say that it is finished, and in the press. It is composed of scenes and descriptions of Africa in a journey to the northward from the Cape of Good Hope—full of lions and rhinoceroses, and all manner of adventures, interspersed with a little common sense here and there, and interwoven with the history of the settlement of the Cape up to 1828—written for young people, of course, and therefore

trifling, but amusing. Now you know all about it.

"A man has sent me an enormous number of documents relative to Paul Jones, and wished me to write his life. I have read them all, but am not yet decided. Three lives have been written already; but two are by Americans, who turn a renegade into a Nelson, and the third by his own family, who qualify down all his errors. A moral might certainly be drawn from the life of that man; but whether it would be interesting just now, I doubt. As I have not decided, do not say anything about it.

"Earl of ——— is an ass, and something worse. Do you know that he represented his wife as dying, and courted Miss ——— in anticipation? But his wife was quite well, and he could not anticipate as he wished. D'Orsay showed him the door, and he has never entered Lady Blessington's house since.

"You never sent me an answer about

the ducks. Your basket will be thankfully received, and my girls say, 'the apricots by all means.'

"I suspect that there is a storm brewing for Peel, and that the malt tax and income tax together will produce such a cross sea that he will be swamped, or near it, unless he finds some means to batten down. At all events, I do not think that he will be able to keep his head above water and support the weight of both together; however, we shall see. I am not his well-wisher, that is certain; and I begin to suspect that I am a Whig, or something very near it: I certainly would ride in the coach if it only had a drag-chain. We have no news here. A little dog bit old Lady A—— in the leg the other day, and that has kept conversation alive for these last three weeks. We are all now ready for some other 'accident or offence' equally as important, as that topic is worn out and the leg is well again.

"Adieu! How glad I shall be to see you again.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

The book here alluded to was 'The Mission,' published in 1845. Apropos of the contemplated visit to town, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth says, "I hope your agricultural pursuits will prosper. It must be quite a new life to you. When you come to town at Christmas, I hope you will bear in mind that you will find a hearty welcome here. Let me have a line on your arrival."

But the project was not carried out, as on the 26th of December we find him again writing from Langham:

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"The small box has just arrived, and I deferred writing to you until I could announce its safety; moreover, I have tried one of the cigars, and pronounce them

excellent. I have not yet tried the Manillas, but as I am about to proceed to Holt to get some money for my wheat, and we have a fog as thick as mustard, in another hour I shall have a very favourable opportunity. When Manillas are good, they are very good—perhaps preferable to Havanas; but it is hard to find them old enough, for they are not ripe till seven to ten years of age. You see I speak *en amateur*, if not *en connoisseur*. I am interrupted, and shall have to defer this letter one day's post, as time and money wait for no man, at least they don't with me, as they both fly. I have been in a peck of troubles—domestic, agricultural, legal and pecuniary, but have got pretty well out of them, although I still have an action or two against me for goods supplied to my thoughtless boys. I wish, among other things taught at schools, they would teach them the value of money. I reply to you distinctly that I have postponed my going to London

till February, unless imperative circumstances require my presence, and I anticipate great pleasure in meeting you on my arrival.

"Lady M—— going to be married! I did not think she was such an Irish jackass. I'd as soon go to church with a paint-pot! Mercy on us! I have no doubt but that her ladyship has, since the proposal, a thousand times compared herself to Ninon de l'Enclos. And she has painted her ceiling in clouds *d'azure*. Well, let her hear me or not, I will say it, 'There is no fool like an old fool.' Nevertheless, I shall be happy to meet you there or anywhere. Many thanks for your offer of the Chinese gong, but is it not rather a queer kind of keepsake? A keepsake is given to remember you by, and am I to couple you with horrible discord? No, that won't do. By-the-by, I sent you a turkey, and I hope it came to table. I assure you we have a great many good things down here on the farm and property,

and I would feed you well, if ever you would summon up sufficient heroism to undertake the journey; but we will talk of that when we meet.

"The Manillas are not so good as they might be, they are too new. What a dreadful thing is that death of poor Clara Webster! Just two minutes before she was to dance the *pas seul* in which she was, poor girl, anticipating enthusiastic applause, thinking of anything but her fate. Well may we say, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

* * * * *

"How is my goddaughter and how old may her little ladyship be?

"Farewell for the present. Emily wants me to play piquet, and as she is alone with me I must not let her feel dull.

"Yours ever truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Piquet was a very favourite game with

Captain Marryat, and he had taken great pains to teach his children to play it sufficiently well to be his opponents; but, in order that their interest in the performance might emulate his own, the stake invariably consisted of sugar plums provided by himself. These trifles, put on paper, look sadly insignificant; but, if a feather shows the way the wind blows, the index to a man's character is far oftener to be found in private than in public life—in little than in great things; and when a father is alone with his children, his true feelings rise to the surface. Many people have asked whether Captain Marryat, when at home, was not "very funny." No, decidedly not. In society, with new topics to discuss, and other wits about him on which to sharpen his own—or, like flint and steel, to emit sparks by friction—he was as gay and humorous as the best of them; but at home he was always a thoughtful, and, at times, a very grave man; for he was not

exempt from those ills that all flesh is heir to, and had his sorrows and his difficulties and moments of depression, like the rest of us. At such times it was dangerous to thwart or disturb him, for he was a man of strong passions and indomitable determination; but, whoever felt the effects of his moods of perplexity or disappointment his children never did. To them he was a most indulgent father and friend, caring little what escapades they indulged in, so long as they were not afraid to tell the truth. "Tell truth and shame the devil," was a quotation constantly upon his lips; and he always upheld falsehood and cowardice as the two worst vices of mankind. He never permitted anything to be locked or hidden away from his children, who were allowed to indulge their appetites at their own discretion; nor were they ever banished from the apartments which he occupied. Even whilst he was writing, they would pass freely in and out of the room,

putting any questions to him that occurred to them, and the worst rebuke they ever encountered was the short, determined order, "Cease your prattle, my child, and leave the room," an order that was immediately obeyed.

For, with all his indulgence of them, Captain Marryat took care to impress one fact upon his children—that his word was law.

The long-intended visit to London was accomplished in the early part of February, and the following letter was despatched from his old lodgings in Pall Mall:

"120, Pall Mall,
"Wednesday.

"My Dear Mrs. S——,

"I don't write to say that I am safe here, because you would have heard if I had not been, but because I like to write to you and I think you like to hear from me.

"I have been busy enough since I have

been here. The B——s have not turned up yet. Have they left you? I want to see Peter very much. I saw Lady Morgan to-day; she is far from well—influenza; speaks in high terms of you. Went down to Gore House—nobody at home but little E——. Yesterday dined at the de Bathes' and from thence went to a get-up at Dickens': very pleasant indeed—lots of fun—Wilson and Parry sung; children had then a ball and supper, and made speeches, and sung convivial songs; afterwards, ball and capital supper; everyone there: Talfourd, Macready, Cruikshank, Landor, Stanfield, Forster, and a hundred more. Left Mrs. G—— dancing Sir Roger de Coverley like mad. I hope you are better. Has D—— returned? How's my little Flo? I dine with Ainsworth to-day. No politics at present; but they say that Peel will not touch the Corn Laws much; if he attempts it he will be thrown on his back. Since Ellenborough

has been sent to the Admiralty the name is changed to the 'Elephant and Castle House of Call.' They ask, Why must officers in future study litigation instead of navigation? Because they must go to law before they can get a ship. What was Joan of Arc made of? She was Maid of Orleans. Is that new?

"Ever yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

Notwithstanding the numerous letters that had passed between Captain Marryat and Mrs. S—— on the subject of their meeting, it did not, after all, take place, as a fortnight later we find him back again at his country house—when he writes:

"Langham,
"February 25, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"You are a very provoking personage. You told me that you would be in town the first week in February, and requested that I would arrange so as to meet

you, which I did at some inconvenience to myself. On the 3rd of February I went to London, and immediately went to Priaulx and made inquiries. He said that you were not come, and would not come, he was certain. I remained in town till the 22nd, when I was obliged to return down here, and now you write to tell me you are coming up. Thus, you perceive, I kept my appointment, and you did not keep yours; moreover I loaded myself with the —— correspondence, as I had promised to bring it up to you, and had to lug it all down again; and I hardly need say that I was very much disappointed. There is certainly no chance of our meeting now, as I could not possibly come up again; and we must live on hopes.

"Let me hear from you if you have time. It will be all the consolation left me. Kind regards to your husband, and

"Ever yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Consolation" appears to have arrived by return of post.

"Langham,
"February 28, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"It does appear rather arbitrary to insist upon my making an apology for having kept my engagement; but, as it must be I presume, I do apologize, and if you wish it, will promise never to do so again. You remind me of Tom Sheridan, when I lived with him, who, when people came to his own appointment, declared that they were so cursed punctual that he had not a moment to himself. Why I did not write was from Osmond's asseveration that you would not come; in fact, that you could not; and, as I presumed that he knew something of his aunt's movements, I believed him. I never accused you, or any other woman, of being either Mede or Persian; and I should not fancy a woman of that description, if such a one is to be found. Your great

charm consists in your variety, and although fickleness may be a great fault, yet, somehow or another, it causes us men to be more assiduous; what we are certain of soon becomes indifferent to us, and that is the cause why matrimony is sometimes a little wearisome. What do I think of Sir R. P——? I think that he is a great man because others are so little, nothing more. I think he is a humbug, and I dislike him most amazingly; but I am more disgusted with the cowardice of those who support him after his having broken faith with them. I *did* see the d'Orsay and *miladi*. I *did* promise to dine with them, and I did *not* keep my promise; but I made the same to so many that I could not keep one promise without breaking another, and that neutralised the sin and satisfied my conscience. The fact is that I was divided between my mother's sick-bed and looking out for a governess for my children. I succeeded at last, and bore her down in triumph to this

place; and, as far as I can judge, she will do very well and appears to be well satisfied with her position. If Sir —— would serve us agriculturists he would send away this frost, for I assure you it is now becoming very serious. The wheats are very much injured and the stock are starving—another ten days and thousands and thousands must perish for want of food. We are feeding our sheep upon oil-cake now, but that cannot last long, as very little is left, and it as risen already to ten pounds the ton. I am better off than my neighbours, and that is all I can say; but the foreign cattle imported here brought over with them an epidemic, which saves us the expense of feeding a large proportion of those which are left. As for the labourers they are literally starving; for those who would give them work cannot while this frost lasts, as it has put a stop to everything except eating.

"I regret, as much as you do, not having

seen you, but we are all the slaves to circumstances and they lead us by the nose hither and thither. It is to be hoped that in following our noses we may again stumble upon one another. Next June we shall have a railroad within distance, and then I shall persuade you to come down here and see how I am rusticating among the pigs and calves.

"Very truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

In March he writes to a friend in town:

"Very busy getting in the barley and praying for the grass to grow, that the stock may not starve. I suspect that there will be a hiatus between the turnips and the grass of about a fortnight, during which the cattle must fast, as the farmers have no hay."

And two months later, in a letter to Mr. Forster dated May 27th, he says:

> "How pleasant is the grumbling farmer's lot,
> The world forgetting—by the world forgot."

"So Pope might have said, if he had pleased, with about as much truth as in the case of the vestal. I am tied down here and do not think I shall be able to come to town this season, unless it be late in next month for a few days. The grass is growing at last, but we still require sun."

The long expected governess, when eventually secured and transplanted to Langham, was not received by the children, who had been accustomed to have their own way in everything, with much enthusiasm; and their father was the friend to whom they invariably appealed for protection against her authority. Captain Marryat had rather an original plan with respect to punishment and reward. He kept a quantity of small articles for presents in his secretary; and at the termination of each week the children and governess, armed with a report of their general behaviour, were ushered with much solemnity into the library to render up an account. Those who

had behaved well during the preceding seven days received a prize, because they had been so good; and those who had behaved ill also received one, in hopes that they would never be naughty again: the governess was also presented with a gift, that her criticism on the justice of the transaction might be disarmed. Thus all parties left the room perfectly satisfied: an end which, Captain Marryat used to observe, it required some diplomacy to attain.

This governess was in the habit of restraining the children's thoughtlessness by the imposition of fines or lessons when they tore their clothes; but, as tearing their clothes was an event of daily occurrence, the punishment became rather heavy; and one of the younger ones, having made a large rent in a new frock, ran in dismay to her father in order to consult him how best to escape the impending doom. Captain Marryat, without any regard to the future

of the garment in question, took hold of the rent and tore off the whole lower part of the skirt. "Tell her *I* did it," he said in explanation as he walked away.

In the spring of 1845 'The Mission' was completed, and announced for publication; when Mr. Forster wrote, "Now that you have knocked off another little book, you have doubtless a little breathing time. What would you say to giving a month or two to a short biography, of about a volume, something of the size and manner of Southey's 'Nelson,' and the subject, 'Collingwood'?"

This biography was never written, but that it was contemplated is evidenced by the following extracts from Captain Marryat's letters:

"I should like to write about Collingwood, but, if I were to write it in anything like a stipulated time I should not do it well. Biography is most difficult writing, and requires more time and thought than any

original composition, and if I take it up I must be free as air."

And again: "With respect to your inquiry as to my reasons for not writing 'Collingwood', one is, that I have lately taken to a different style of writing, that is, for young people. My former productions, like all novels, have had their day, and for the present at least will sell no more; but it is not so with the *juveniles*; they have an annual demand, and become *a little income* to me; which I infinitely prefer to receiving any sum in a mass, which very soon disappears somehow or other."

April 5th, he again writes to Mr. Forster:

"I never see any books here, except those in my own library. I am on my legs the best portion of the day, and have hardly time to get through the newspapers. If you can manage it, come down and stay here—*you* shall do as you please, and so will I. The weather is beautiful, and the country is

really, without exaggeration, one *mass of violets.* I am very busy getting my barley in. *Vale.*

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

In May he managed to leave his farm for a few days and run up to town.

"United Service Club,
"May 8.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Augusta and I arrived in town last night, having been detained longer than I expected.

"Mr. Hay tells me that Frederick is at the *Golden Cross*, Charing Cross, so that we are not very far apart; but I have heard nothing about him, except that Mr. Hay thinks his ardour for painting has very much evaporated since he has found that he cannot make a hundred guineas in a day's work.

"I shall know more by to-morrow. I

have not seen anybody, for Joe was in the city, Mary in the academy, and neither came home till dinner-time.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

On returning to Langham he writes, in July, as follows:

"Langham,
"July 16, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"Your letter has remained a long while unanswered; but I received it just as I was starting for London, and have been so occupied that I have not been able to reply to it. I did not, like you, go to London for pleasure: it was Law and Chancery that drove me up; and I only staid a week, and then came down again to prepare for a trial which comes on at Norwich, if not compromised, on Monday next. I am at issue with one of my tenants, who will not fulfil his covenants and will ruin my property if he is allowed to go on

as he does now. I am forced into law, and cannot help myself. I only hope a 'happy issue out of all my afflictions.' I did receive 'Sybil,' and read it with pleasure; many thanks to you for it. How much it has become the fashion, I may say, to hold up the lower classes: Jerrold, Disraeli, Mrs. Norton, and Dickens, I may add, are all at it; and they will produce some good by their constant efforts. I saw very little of ——— when in town. I happened to say to him that if my tenant gave up his farm, I should require more capital than I had to carry it on; and I thought afterwards that he had a suspicion that I was about to request a loan of him, for he never was to be seen afterwards. He was very much mistaken, if he did think so; for I would sooner borrow money of a Jew, at fifty per cent., than borrow of even my own mother or relations. With a Jew I am under no obligation, and that is why. But the fact is, I do not want to borrow at all and I

only said so, talking, as people say, promiscuously. My little girls are quite well, and the governess gets on smoothly. She has her faults, but who has not? She is too imperative to the servants, and too fond of fruit and sweet things, both of which are bad examples to children. She is still as cold as ever, and as it is of no use attempting to warm her I have let all the fires go out.

"I expect my eldest son home from India in a few days; so that we shall be a large party. Recollect that Miss Cushman, the American actress, is a great friend of mine; and I shall give her a letter to you when she goes to Liverpool, and you must be kind and useful to her if you can. I mean the last, when I say if you can—the first you can't help. I send you an order for 'The Mission,' which is approved of; and now I must say farewell.

"Good-bye, God bless you.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

This tenant, the same who fitted up the drawing-room of the manor as a public sleeping-place, proved very difficult to eject. He would not compromise, and, therefore, Captain Marryat was compelled to attend the assizes, as his letter from Norwich will show:

"Norwich,
"July 23, 1845.

"My dear Mrs. S——,

"Your letter arrived just as I was setting off for this town, to try a cause at the assizes—being an action that I have brought against one of my tenants for breach of covenant. It has already given me much trouble, hurrying me from town and to town, so that I have been in a constant state of bustle and motion for the last six weeks; and it has proved, as you may suppose, a great worry—I may say, a new sort of worry to me; for I never was in court before. However, it is not to be expected that a man is to pass away his

whole life without being involved in law, and I take it as a portion of the 'ills which flesh is heir to.' Now that I am writing to you the trial is just coming on, and I am sitting here, not choosing to appear in court myself, as I think it shows an anxiety about your cause unworthy of a philosopher. I have to do with fellows who stick at nothing, and who are trying to outswear me—which is their only chance, and I am sorry to say a very good chance too, in this part of the world. I send you an order for the other two volumes of 'Masterman Ready,' but for the autograph you must wait for another opportunity.

* * * *

"I sincerely hope that you will be settled in London; it will suit you much better than that half Yankee town of Liverpool; and then, as soon as the railroad opens, I shall hope to see you once more. You will be able to get a very good and spacious house on the other side of Oxford Road,

in the Cavendish Square thereabouts, for £100 per annum, or a little more; and as nobody will care where you live, you need not care yourself. I am glad to hear well of the A——s. I presume by L—— you mean the eldest. She will make a good wife to any one who deserves her. My teacher seems to improve a little, as far as the servants are concerned; but she has a very sweet tooth, and is always talking of what nice things she had when she lived at some other house with a wealthy corn-factor. I am afraid she must live now upon the remembrance of them. It is a sort of race between her and my children, who shall get the fruit first out of the garden as it ripens. However, I never interfere about these small matters.

"A message from the Shire Hall, saying the opposite party desire to compromise, if they can. The attorneys have met; but I am almost positive that they will not come to terms.

"Poor Mrs. ———! Gaiety may 'keep up her health and spirits'; but let her be omitted in the list of invitations where she anticipates going, or let any other trifle hurt her vanity, and she would vote London a nuisance and set off on a tour a month sooner than she intended. However, she is right to make the most of the present, for life is short, and all is vanity and, but too often, vexation of spirit.

"Four o'clock. I left my letter open. They could not come to a compromise, and the trial took place. I have gained my cause, with £150 damages. I am glad it is over, and I hope never to be at law again.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

In the same month Mr. Ainsworth, having purchased the 'New Monthly Magazine' from Mr. Colburn, asks his old friend to become a contributor. "You will confer the greatest favour upon me, if you will

write for me and lend me the weight of your name"; and after suggesting a novel, he continues: "but if this plan does not suit you, at least let me have two or three short tales or sketches of any sort." The consequence of this request was, that the number of the 'New Monthly' for August contained a story by Captain Marryat, of which Mr. Ainsworth writes: "The 'Log' reads capitally, and I hope you will approve the heading I have given it. You must give a longer 'extract,' twelve pages or a sheet, next month, and let us have it early."

In the following note to Mr. Forster, Captain Marryat does not appear to have quite given up the idea of writing Lord Collingwood's life:

"Langham, August 21.

"MY DEAR FORSTER,

"I return the proof, which is quite correct. I am reading for 'Collingwood'; but I think I must read more, and perhaps apply to his relatives for matter, before I

shall have enough to make *one* volume. However, it is too soon to decide that point. When you see Stanfield say I inquired if he was alive. Remembrances to Dickens. I have been helping 'Blue and Yellow Fire,' as I call him—Ainsworth, I mean—in his 'New Monthly,' and that has put me back a little.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Mr. Forster was not behind his other friends, in trying to coax him to return to the world which he had left:

"Look at this bill enclosed; it is all Dickens's doing. I am a lamb at the slaughter. *But will you come up?* Stanny, and all of us, are in it. Dickens plays Bobadil. I have kept my *best place* for you, if you will come. Tell me, and you shall have the card of invitation by return of post. Many are coming from far greater distances than Langham. *Do come.* I shall be so pleased to hear 'Off, off,' and

'Fling him over!' (for hear them I suppose I must) from your friendly voice. Now, be a gentleman—a trump—a first-rater, and come 'special' for the play. Tickets are at a premium, I can tell you."

"My dear Forster,

"Would you have me disinherited? And yet, to accede to your proposal, and at the same time to gratify my own wishes, would probably have such a result. My honoured mother, for the first time, comes down here in state to pay a visit to her son—and I expect her in a few days. It is impossible for me to be absent at the time or to go away while she is here. If it were not as I say, I would come with great pleasure; but *I dare not.* I do think, however, that, once begun, it will go on and I shall have another chance; then I will not only come, but snuff the candles, play the lion, or the hind legs of an elephant for you, just as you please.

"Got through the letters at last, thank heaven. By-the-by, I have been reading for 'Collingwood,' and up to the present I do not think that a *life* of Collingwood could be written—the materials are so meagre, and it must be wholly composed of what is already in print and well known. Still I am not certain, and I shall begin to read again in a few days.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Captain Marryat's next letter to Mrs. S——, dated August 20th, is chiefly on business, unimportant to any one but himself; the remainder only therefore is transcribed:

"With respect to speculating in railroads, I am aware that much money has been and is to be yet made, but I also know that the loss must eventually fall upon somebody, and there must be a crash by-and-by. As long as people do not hold they

may continue for some time to make money; but the great point is to bide your time. A railroad speculation is composed of two tides: you start it at young flood and up it goes till you arrive at high water; then comes the ebb, and those who embarked too late find themselves aground. I will not speculate except in cattle. A large farm is a heavy yearly speculation upon the seasons, and quite as much as I choose to embark in, as I like to sleep sound at night.

"You are very kind to promise me some grouse; I am very fond of those interesting little animals and hope you will not forget me. Do not be afraid of their condition, as I like them high. I really wish you would write your confessions, I will publish them. I have a beautiful opening in some memoranda I have made of the early life of a Frenchwoman, that is, up to the age of seventeen, when she is cast adrift upon the world, and I would work it all up together. Let us commence, and divide the tin; it is

better than doing nothing. I have been helping Ainsworth lately in the 'New Monthly,' and I told him that I had commenced a work called 'Mdlle. Virginie,' which he might perhaps have. Without my knowing it, he has announced its coming forth; but it does not follow that he is to have it, nevertheless, and indeed he now wishes me to continue one that I have already begun in the magazine.

"My boy Frederick is with me, just come home from Hong Kong—a very queer, eccentric fellow, as idle as he is talented. He has taken possession of the pipe you gave me, and smokes awfully. My young ones are all well. I expect my mother down here on the ninth of September, and am preparing to receive the old lady with all the honour due to her age and grey hairs. *Addio*, or as Fred. says, *Chin chin*, which is the Chinese salutation.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT"

The work alluded to was 'The Privateersman,' first published in the 'New Monthly' and afterwards in three volumes, and of which Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, in a letter to the author, says: "'The Privateersman' and your note arrived safely together. What a wonderful little hand you write! It is like copperplate and almost invisible. The compositors ought to have magnifying glasses."

Captain Marryat's handwriting (a facsimile specimen of which will be found in these volumes) has already been noticed for its extreme minuteness, and it used to be said there was but one compositor in London who could set up his copy without assistance.

Mrs. S—— did not agree to add her experiences with those of Mademoiselle Virginie, and make one story out of two lives, and, in a subsequent communication on the subject, Mr. Ainsworth says: "By all means go on with 'Mdlle. Virginie,' we shall soon

be ready for her in the 'New Monthly.' I hope you have not written the whole of 'The Privateersman' in your microscopic hand: you have literally frightened away some of the compositors from Whiting's—at all events don't write Mademoiselle out so diminutively." Before publication the name of this work was changed, and it appeared under the title of 'Valérie.'

The two first volumes and part of the third were written by Captain Marryat, but, owing to the first symptoms of the illness which proved fatal to him making themselves apparent whilst the story was still running in the magazine, it was completed by another hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

Correspondence—'Letters of a Norfolk Farmer'—Captain Marryat's talent for Agriculture—'Children of the New Forest'—'Little Savage'—First symptoms of his illness.

"September 9, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"New wheat is down to twenty shillings the coomb at Norwich Market, that is forty shillings the quarter, but it will be higher than that, although not a great deal. We have splendid harvest weather, and the barley will be most abundant. This fine weather will produce an average crop of turnips, which is more than we expected. So much for farming. I still hold my opinion about railroads; I prefer being a stander-by and watching the rush of the

crowd to becoming one of it. Not that I do not want money, but I prefer making it by sure means and hard fagging, to risking what little I have by speculation. What I value most, because I have had so little of it in this world, is peace and quiet, and those who have such heavy stakes upon the turn of the die cannot but be in a state of constant excitement and irritation. I had sooner saunter in my garden and discuss the merits of a greengage than argue upon the merits of all the broad gauges in the world. Observe what a tame subdued mortal I have become, and how unworthy the attention of any woman of spirit. My boy Frederick has just obtained his promotion to a lieutenant—which is a sure speculation, as it gives him a hundred per annum for life and may lead to more. He has a great aversion to the service, and wishes to remain on shore; but that I fear cannot be, as they employ them all as soon as they are promoted. They have given him three months leave, and *nous verrons*.

"I cannot possibly come down to you at the time that you mention, and I assure you the very idea of taking the chair at a meeting would be enough to keep me away. I have a great horror of any publicity. Time was, but time is. Moreover, I am convinced that you gain in public opinion now by keeping quiet. There are so many thrusting themselves forward on the public, most of whom are found wanting, that they serve to direct people's attention to those who do not seek popularity. Some of these days, like another Cincinnatus at his plough, I may have a deputation, and if it never does come, so much the better. I have had my swing, tried and tasted everything, and find that it is vanity. I have also just found out that I have been writing upon two sheets of note paper instead of one, which is not economy.

"But I could not pay you a visit at the time you mention, as, at the commencement of November, law business begins; and I am

told that my tenant, rather than pay the expenses of the action which terminated in my favour, means to make a fraudulent bankruptcy and walk off. Now, I could not be away at such a time, and if he does do so, I shall have to farm the whole property, 700 acres, and shall have enough to do to get through the business. I do with all my heart wish that we lived nearer, but it is no use wishing. Come and see you as soon as I can get away I certainly will, and then we can talk over this, that, and everything else in the world. In the meantime, with kind regards to your husband,

"Ever yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Langham, Sept. 28, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"I have to thank you on my bended knees for a basket of grouse, which arrived in good order and were very acceptable. My honoured mother was, however, gone

before their arrival—that was her fault. The grouse, by-the-by, remind me of the black-cock that you sent me last year. I gave one to a large farmer, a neighbour of mine, who had been very civil, and he was so astonished at it that he took it the following day to Fakenham market, to show to the rest of his fraternity, and there was as much admiration and astonishment at it as if it had been a mermaid or the King of the Cannibal Islands. You see we are very primitive down here. Harvest was finished last night—all got in well, and in good condition. To-morrow the men have the harvest-home dinner, and the next day they put apart to get drunk; such being the invariable custom of the county. It certainly does appear that we English will always have some excuse to get fuddled whenever we can. I proposed, last year, that they should get drunk on the day of the harvest dinner, but they scouted the idea—they would have a day for intoxication

entirely—such was the custom. It was true that they would lose a day's wages, but they must do as their forefathers had always done before them. Perhaps they are right; for one day in the year they will forget their cares, and then get up next morning to renew their year of toil. It is but the Saturnalia of slaves.

"I presume ——— has told you that I wrote the letters in question. I did tell him, because we had a conversation on the subject of the game laws last year, when Bright held his committee, and I said that I would give my opinion in print. I do not know whether you agree with me, but I believe that every word that I have written is true. It would, however, displease my neighbours here very much if they knew that I had written those letters, and therefore I have not mentioned it to anybody else but ——— and Forster of the 'Examiner.' Do not, therefore, say that you know for positive that they were my writing.

"Now that the harvest is over, the farmers are speculating upon the turnip crop, which, if it does not mend, will certainly be but a moderate one. They say that farmers are always grumbling, and perhaps they are not exactly grumbling, but doubting and fearing. Each season brings its cause of anxiety, its lottery, and a blank very much deranges all the farmer's speculations. Now we want rain. I have often thought, since I have farmed, how different my feelings have been, as to the weather, to what they used to be when I had nothing to do; then I always wanted fine weather, and grumbled if I got up in the morning and found it was a wet day. In London they always want fine weather. Sad, selfish mortals we are—that's certain. *Addio!* I am not head-achy, but I have more letters to write.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

The letters here alluded to were part of a series published in the 'Examiner,' under the title of 'Letters of a Norfolk Farmer.' They formed a protest against the restrictive laws upheld at that time by Sir Robert Peel; and their peculiar excellence consisted in the fact that they were written entirely from the farmers' and agricultural labourers' point of view, and urged in their interests only. Writing to Mr. Forster on the subject, Captain Marryat says: "I have been amusing myself with putting together my thoughts and knowledge of the condition of the agricultural class—I mean the common labourer principally—and I believe I know more of the subject than anything I have seen in print. What I can say is from personal knowledge. I was thinking of writing some letters to Peel as a Norfolk farmer: 'The Poor Man *versus* Sir Robert Peel.' It would not do to put my name to them, as they would be anything but *Conservative*, but they would be the *truth*.

"Shall I send you the first letter? I think it would do for the 'Examiner,' and if you like them I will continue, as I have it all in my head."

With reference to the same subject, he writes:

"My dear Forster,

"According to your wish I send you up the first letter to Sir Robert. I hope you will be able to read it. It goes but a little way, merely pointing out the causes of the agricultural labourer's distress. *After* my next I intend to point out how he may be benefited in some way; and after that I go to the *Game Laws*, which I will prove to be the source of much mischief. Of course you can make little out of it from what I send you up, and I think, perhaps, it would be better if I wrote them *all* first and let you see them. I think it would not make a difference of ten days to him, which would be of little consequence. However, you

can tell me if you like the first; and, if you choose to insert it, I think you had better send me down the slips, that I may correct it, as my writing is not very legible. If it don't suit there is no harm done. Recollect, I cannot answer by *return* of post from this place.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

And somewhat later: "I send you up the second letter, which, with the first, I think, will be hardly Radical enough for the paper; but I like to begin quietly, as people then *read*. The third, and the others that follow, shall be more to your liking; but do not for a moment suppose that I shall be *affronted* if they are *rejected*—I am too old a hand for that; all I request is that you will return them to me. Not exactly agreeing in politics is no proof that what I write is not well written or is not true; therefore no ceremony with me."

During the year 1846, Captain Marryat employed what leisure he had for writing on the production of 'The Children of the New Forest' and 'The Little Savage,' only two chapters of the second volume of which was written by himself.

In another part of this volume will be found the commencement of a juvenile tale on the subject of Farming. Had the author lived to complete it he might, perhaps, have discovered the secret of farming with profit, which during his lifetime he failed to do, as the subjoined extracts, taken at random from his farm accounts, will fully evidence:

		£	*s.*	*d.*
1842	Total receipts . .	154	2	9
„	Expenditure . .	1637	0	6
1846	Total receipts . .	898	12	6
„	Expenditure . .	2023	10	8

His agricultural vagaries appeared almost like insanity to those steady plodding minds that could not understand that a man may have genius and no common sense. Captain

Marryat prided himself on possessing common sense, and would have been very much hurt if any one had hinted to the contrary; but his proceedings did not bear testimony to the idea. He had a passion for sinking money and selling his landed property. The very estate he farmed had come to him by exchanging Sussex House at Hammersmith for Langham, over a bottle of champagne with its late owner; and the sums he expended on the place were extravagant.

"Why! what money you are sinking!" remarked his younger brother to him on one occasion.

"If you'd a head on your shoulders you'd know the money's in the ground, young sir, in the ground!" was the rejoinder. "Better buy an estate yourself and follow my example."

"So I will, when I see the money *come out again*; till then I shall content myself with the Three per Cent. Consols,"—at which answer the Captain roared.

One of his pet hobbies was his decoy,—in order to make which he had, to the astonishment of his Norfolk tenants, flooded some hundred acres of his best grazing land. The plan, for a wonder, succeeded; the decoy became prolific, and produced some five thousand birds yearly for the supply of the London market. A few years later, when it was in full working order, Captain Marryat caused it to be drained again.

One morning, at Langham, he burst into his brother's bedroom at 3 o'clock, full of a plan for draining the salt marshes round Clay-by-the-Sea, by which means he should "be a millionaire in no time," and he was going to see Lord C. T—— and K—— about it at once; such was the burning activity of a mind that never rested. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Langham proved less profitable than amusing to him, and that his son, on entering on his inheritance, found himself

weighed down by a responsibility which he was unable to sustain.

At this period, Captain Marryat was particularly engrossed by the business of the farm, as, by the ejection of the refractory tenant, more than seven hundred acres of the estate had returned upon his hands and gave him plenty of employment. At the close of the year he wrote thus to his godchild, Florence S——:

"Langham, Nov. 6, 1846.

"MY DEAR FLORENCE,

"I was very glad to receive your nice letter. It was very well written for a little girl like you, and I wish my godchild to learn very fast and be very clever.

"Where is your Mamma now? Is she in France with Willy? If she is at home again I wish to know, that I may send her a basket of wild fowl; but I do not like to send them if she is not at home, so tell your Mamma to write to me and let me know.

"The picture of the Chain Pier at Brighton on the top of your sheet of paper is very pretty.

"I am not certain whether I can come to see you at Waterloo on Christmas Day. I have my daughter Augusta with me, and I do not know whether there is room for us both; so your Mamma must write herself and invite us, as I cannot come without Augusta.

"Give my love to your sisters, and believe me, my dear Florence, to be

"Your affectionate godfather,

"FREDK. MARRYAT."

The visit to Waterloo did not take place, the Christmas of 1846 being spent by Captain Marryat amongst his family. In the beginning of 1847, he again writes to his godchild:

"Langham, 4 Jan. 1847.

"A happy new year to you, my dear little Florence, and may you be a good

little girl the whole of the year 1847; then you will be loved by everybody, and I shall be proud of my little goddaughter.

"I am very glad that you had such a pleasant Christmas, and that your tree was so beautiful. I should have been much pleased to have been with you on that day, but I was too ill with the rheumatism, and could not venture to leave home. It was a great disappointment to me, but we must not expect to have our own way in this world, as you will find out when you have lived longer, and we must be cheerful and happy and not pout and be cross because we are disappointed in having what we wish.

"And now I will tell you how we passed our Christmas Day. We had a very small dinner by ourselves, but we thought of you and your fine Christmas tree, and how merry you were; but if we were not merry, there was a very merry party in the house; and if we did not feast, we had the pleasure

of making others thank God for having a good dinner. All the men who work on the farm were invited to a Christmas dinner in the kitchen, and they sat down two and twenty at the table in the servants' hall, and were waited upon by our own servants. They had two large pieces of roast beef and a boiled leg of pork; four dishes of Norfolk dumplings; two large meat pies; two geese, eight ducks, and eight widgeon; and after that they had four large plum puddings. Now Florence, these poor men work hard all the year round and never get anything to eat but bread for themselves and their wives and children; and they are thankful if, by hard labour, they can find bread to live upon. Don't you think then, dear, that they were pleased to have so many good things put before them, and don't you think that they ate very heartily? Indeed they did, and, as they had plenty of strong beer to drink, they made very merry, and enjoyed their Christmas Day. So you

see, Florence, if we were prevented from being merry with you, we at least have the pleasure of making other people happy; and therefore Augusta and I were quite content to dine quietly alone. I hope to see you, my dear Florence, before long. I do not think that I shall leave this till the spring, as I have a great deal to do, for the poor people are out of work and I must find employment for them so that they may not starve, for things are very dear this winter, and, when I have so many people at work, I must remain here to show them what is to be done, or they would not know. But your Mamma says that you will be in town in the spring, and then the poor people will find work elsewhere, and I shall be able to come up and see you.

"So good-bye for the present; give my love to Mamma and your sisters, and believe me,

"Your affectionate godfather,

"F. MARRYAT."

During the summer of 1847 Captain Marryat went to London on business. This was just before the commencement of that disease which terminated, but a year afterwards, in his death—a disease to which he had shown a tendency in his youth, and which, now that he had attained the prime of his manhood and the full vigour of his intellect, was lying in wait to reduce his athletic form to emaciation, and weaken his mind until it was brought down to the level of a child's. Up to this period, he had been as strong and active as a young man, and notwithstanding his weight of fourteen stone, could leap a ditch or clear a railing with the agility of twenty-five. It was from his Club that, before he returned to Langham, he wrote to his daughter, Augusta:

"United Service Club, Friday.

"My dear Gussy,

"As yours is the only communication on a sheet of paper, you are entitled, *par excellence*, to the first reply. I intend to

come down on Monday. William must walk the roan over on Monday morning, at five o'clock, to Dereham, in the mail cart, so as to get there in time for the horse to bait. I shall arrive about three or four o'clock at Dereham, and then proceed to Langham. All the elections will commence next week, so as to be over before harvest.

"Grandma is at Lindsay's on a *wisit*. Hays are at Barnes, for country *hair*; Stanfield's at Hampstead—he is very ill yet. Everybody is out of town, or going out, and there's nothing going on, except balloons going up and coming down again. There's *not nothing whatsomdever no how* to see or hear, except Jenny Lind, and I can't afford *she*. I shall be very glad to be back, but I cannot finish till to-morrow night and Sunday is not a day for travel. I am glad that Mary looks after the raspberries, and that she gives you black-currant puddings.

"This will probably be the last letter I shall write from *this here*. I may write

to-morrow, but this is to be taken as final orders relative to sending for me.

"*Adieu, ma petite. Embrassez vos sœurs pour leur papa.* Tell Frank that I am satisfied with his conduct, as far as I know of it, he being his own trumpeter.

"Yours ever,

"F. MARRYAT."

To show the friendly and familiar terms on which Captain Marryat lived with his children, the following nonsense, sent to him by his youngest son, the midshipman, Frank, whilst he was absent, is inserted:

SONG, AFTER JOHN PARRY.

PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

AIR: *Fine Old English Gentleman.*

And so you're going to town, sir, as you've often done before,
To look into De Castro's, and to visit Mason's store?
Now, *don't* forget you've children, nor say that they're a bore,
But get them all they want, sir—and they'll ask for nothing more.

CHORUS: Like a fine old generous governor—
A brick of the modern time.

RECITATIVE.

Imprimis CAPERS (*imitate capers on piano*). Ah! I'll bet a crown,
You'll cut enough of these when you're in town.
My only fear is (*tremulous music*) that you'll cut so quick
(*Quick movement*)
You'll have to cut your landlord, and your stick!
(*Execute a panic, and the pursuit of duns, on the instrument*).

A pair of razors (*imitate razors*)—here you must not waver;
They're wanted for the Baby* (*imitate baby*) that incipient shaver.
The Baby says he has a deal of trouble (*nervous, disturbed music*)
In getting steel to touch (*harsh, grating sound*) his infant stubble. (*Excruciating music*).

A silver watch, too (*imitate ticking*), if you've no objection,
To watch the clocks, and keep them in subjection.
Such clocks! My stars! (*Confused music.*) Some walk, whilst others run;
The Hall is striking nine (*strike nine*), the Kitchen, one† (*strike one*).
(*Confused striking of all the clocks together.*)

Some soap, that we may scrub (*imitate scrubbing*) our hides at ease;
For, *entre nous*, sir, yellow's not the cheese;

---

* His own nickname.

† Captain Marryat had sixteen clocks in Langham Manor, and it was a hobby of his that they should all strike simultaneously.

If we've no soap (*soothing music*) how *can* we soap you down?
Don't buy brown Windsor, or they'll do you brown!
(*Music imitates customer being done brown*).

And many things besides (*music strikes notes of every possible variety*)—of paper, *reams!*
Left to your generosity and *means.* (*Burst of* RICH *music.*)
If, after all, you find you have a balance (*balancez*),
Why, (*preparatory symphony, played with exquisite skill,*) let us have the long-expected clarence!
(*Music conveys the idea of going out to dinner, seventy miles, and coming back the same evening in the clarence.*)

And so you're going to town, sir, as you've often done before,
To look into De Castro's, and visit Mason's store;
Now, DON'T forget you've children, or say that they're a bore,
But get them all they want, sir—and they'll ask for *nothing more.*

Like a fine old generous governor—
A bricksy-wicksy-wicksy of the modern time!

The effect of which effusion was that Captain Marryat bought the clarence. The first symptoms of his illness must have displayed themselves very shortly after his return home; for the following letter to his sister was written in August:

"Langham, August, 26, 1847.

"MY DEAR FANNY,

"I have been very ill for six or seven weeks, having broken a blood vessel twice; but I never trouble people about my complaints in body, as I wish those who regard me not to lament, and those who hate me not to rejoice. I am now somewhat better, and have twice been out in the open air, which gives me a little strength, which I certainly now require; but, as you may suppose, I am obliged to be very careful, as the wound is not yet healed. The only advantage gained by the accident is the loss of about two stone weight, which I could well spare.

"Our harvest goes on well, and the crops are great; this will not give us more money, but it will more straw, and that is something.

"If Richard* wishes to come and see us, we shall be most happy to see him; but he

* Captain Bury Palliser.

must put up with the fare of a farm-house, for we make no pretensions above our condition. He had better come down on the 1st, or before, with his gun. We have plenty of birds, and he can shoot some for you. Let me know, and I will write and tell him how to proceed so as to get here most conveniently.

"We are dried up here—not a pond of water left for the stock; but we can't have everything. All the harvest is in but the oats, and they will be down about the first of September.

"My girls send their kind love, and so does Frank, and I am,

"My dear Fanny,

"Yours affectionately,

"F. MARRYAT."

In October, the second and concluding volume of the 'Children of the New Forest' appeared, of which the *Era* said: "Captain Marryat will look back at these works as

those that have yielded him most pleasure and profit; and we believe they will outlast all else that he has written." And Mr. Forster, in advising Captain Marryat to alter the form of the 'Juvenile Library,' adds: "You ought to make a fortune out of these little books. I know no book of its kind so popular as 'Masterman Ready.' Children don't read it once, but a dozen times: and this is the true test."*

* Captain Marryat did make large sums by his writings —by the most popular of which, alone, he realised a fortune of £20,000. The following figures show what he received on first publishing the manuscripts:

		£
1839	Diary in America . .	1600
1837	Snarley Yow	1300
1836	Midshipman Easy . .	1200
1832	Peter Simple	1100
1833	Jacob Faithful . . .	1100
1834	Japhet	1100
1834	Pacha of Many Tales .	1100

CHAPTER IX.

Unpublished Songs—'The Victory'—'The Impress'—'Honest Will'—'The Cat'—'Conspirators' Song'—'Oh! we're getting very vulgar'—Commencement of a Tale for the 'Juvenile Library.'

THE following sea songs, and the commencement of a story for the 'Juvenile Library,' which were found as MS. in Captain Marryat's desk after his decease, are inserted simply because, where so little remains, it is supposed that every fragment will possess its value.

THE VICTORY.

I.

Stop the fiddle! cease your reeling!
All now gather close to me.
Silence, girls, while I'm revealing
How we gained the victory.

Off Trafalgar's Cape, long seeking,
Nelson's flag was at the fore;
In close order, two lines keeping,
Down upon the foe we bore.

II.

In a crescent wide extended,
They received us to engage;
Soon the morning's brightness ended—
All obscured by battle's rage.
Up the bunting runs again, boys;
Break the stops, the flags blow clear!
When the signal was explained, boys,
Then, indeed, there was a cheer!

III.

As lords like him cared not for booty—
All but glory he rejects—
He only said, To do his duty
England every man expects!
With folded arms, his lips compressing,
Firm and silent, at his gun,
Every man in heart confessing
That signal had the victory won.

IV.

See, the *Royal Sovereign* proudly
Pours her thunders on the foe;
Broadside after broadside loudly
Fills the decks with cries of woe!
Heavy odds are five to one, boys;
When was Collingwood afraid?
Though the *Santa Anna's* won, boys,
Haste, *Bellisles*, they need our aid!

V.

Now the *Victory*, canvas straining,
On surges to the contest dire;
Her pennant curls, as if disdaining
E'en the whole line's centred fire.
But now, her wrath no more controlling,
Hark to that concentrated war!
View that giant, trembling, rolling—
'Tis the *punished Bucentaure.*

VI.

With our ships at once engaging,
All our masts gone by the board,
The unconquered *Bellisle* raging,
Mocks the Spanish ensign lower'd.
But our gallant vessels striding,
Now relieve us from the foe;
All in action fast arriving,
See the Frenchman's flags below.

VII.

Should I all the logbook dwell on
Of that great and glorious day,
Good two watches would be well on,
E'er I'd said but half my say.
Suffice it is that with the thunder
Amphitrity swooned with fright;
Neptune's ears were split asunder
With these proofs of Britain's might.

Unfinished MS.

THE IMPRESS.

When they hauled me on board, somewhat loth I must own,
For a clip with a stretcher had made my head ring,
Why, the impress, thought I, it is but a forced loan
Which the service demands, and the *right* of our King.
So here's to the King, God bless him,
And here's to Her Majesty, too;
A sailor, although you impress him,
His duty will cheerfully do.

Once floored by a splinter, as a Frenchman we fought—
A splinter which barked from the eye to the chin,
When down to the cockpit my maimed hulk was brought,
Say I, Shipmates, we bleed for our country and King.
So here's to the King, God bless him,
And here's to Her Majesty, too;
A sailor, although you impress him,
His duty will cheerfully do.

When my Nan would persuade me to cut and to run,
Says I, Nancy, desartion, d'ye see's a base thing;
As long as I'm wanted I'll stand to my gun,
While I've life I will fight for my country and King.
So here's to the King, God bless him,
And here's to Her Majesty, too;
A sailor, although you impress him,
His duty will cheerfully do.

And now that in Greenwich I at last am safe moored,
As I spin my long yarns, and my ditties I sing,
I bless the kind nation who have laid up a hoard
To provide for the sailor who fights for the King.

So here's to the King, God bless him,
And here's to Her Majesty, too;
A sailor, although you impress him,
His duty will cheerfully do.

HONEST WILL.

I AM called Honest Will, but for why I don't know,
For I only, d'ye see, do my Duty;
And it's every one's business to soften the woe
That presses down Virtue and Beauty.

Why gold was first made I can't tell, to be sure,
To learning not being addicted,
Unless it was given to cherish the poor,
And comfort and aid the afflicted.

In yon gallant fight, t'other day, of the Nile,
My messmate, Tom Brace, chanced to die:
And tho' after action I cheer'd with a smile,
A tear for poor Tom dimm'd my eye.

Thinks I, it's bad now for his children and Kate;
They'll scarcely survive the sad shot;
But I'll save my rhino to soften hard fate,
And save them from Poverty's lot.

Once honest Ben Backstay, a true-hearted lad,
Became, for a land lubber, bail,
Who soon got from Ben all the money he had,
And then housed him up in a gaol.

My pockets with prize money then were well lined,
So Ben I restored to his friends;
Their transports made *him* almost out of his mind,
And *me*, for the act, full amends.

If safely through life's troubled course you would steer,
And reach the right haven at last,
A messmate's misfortunes neglect not to cheer,
And save him from Poverty's blast.

As for me, I well know Tars must fight and must fall,
And leave their poor widows' hearts sad.
Lord love 'em, I wish I could marry them all,
And be to each orphan—a Dad!

THE CAT.

I.

I WISH they'd not such trouble take,
But leave alone our sarvice;
Our skippers follow in the wake
Of Nelson, Howe, and Jarvis.

II.

What can they know, these Commons green,
Of men-of-war's conditions?
And what the devil do they mean
By bringing up petitions?

III.

I must allow a naked back
Was ever my aversion;
But chaps we have on board who lack
What Boatswain calls *coershun*.

IV.

If sculkers are to go scot free,
And good men double tides work,
A ship like that won't do for me,
Or those who never toil shirk.

V.

When slinking Bob my locket prigged,
Which cased the hair of Nancy,
D'ye think to see the grating rigged
Was not unto my fancy?

VI.

Yes, every honest man on board
Him punished saw with pleasure;
The rascal had his back well scored,
And I regained my treasure.

VII.

We know that sometimes it will hap
A good man gets in trouble;
A drop too much will make him nap,
Or sometimes to see double.

VIII.

But when called up, you touch your hat,
And plead, "the first offence, sir."
The skipper, he detests the cat;
His anger was pretence, sir.

IX.

The lash, when given, is deserved,
And certain 'tis, our navy,
If discipline were not preserved,
Would soon go to old Davy.

X.

I don't know what they would be at—
They'd screen all thieves and sculks, sir.
A seaman true don't fear the cat
Will ever scratch his hulk, sir.

XI.

'Tis known that they who play at bowls
Must sometimes meet with rubbers.
Them Commons chaps, why, bless your soul,
What are they but land-lubbers?

XII.

Then let them no more interfere,
For every sailor jolly
Will at their nonsense only sneer,
And tell them it is folly.

CONSPIRATORS' SONG.

I.

FILL, lads, fill,
Fill, lads, fill!
Here we have a cure for every ill.
If Fortune's unkind
As a north-east wind,
Still we can endure
Looking for a cure in "Better luck still."

II.

Drink, boys, drink,
Drink, boys, drink!
The bowl let us drain with right good will.
If women deceive
Why should we grieve?
Forgetting our pain,
Love we make again, with "Better luck still."

III.

Sing, lads, sing,
Sing, lads, sing!

Our voices we'll raise, be merry still.
If dead to-morrow
We leave all sorrow.
Life's a weary maze.
When we close our days 'tis "Better luck still."

OH! WE'RE GETTING VERY VULGAR.

I.

THE times are sadly altered since I was but a lad,
And little did I think that Reform would prove so bad;
But, since that Bill has passed the House, it certainly is so,
That we're getting very vulgar and most exceeding low.

II.

In former times the theatres were crowded to excess,
To witness Cooke in Richmond, or Siddons in Queen Bess;
Now dukes will go three times a week to listen to Jim Crow:
Oh! we're getting very vulgar and most exceeding low.

III.

Our authors once were gentlemen in all they said or wrote,
And Byron, Moore, or Campbell, we all were proud to quote;
But now, with Sykes to murder Nancy, in we must go.
Oh! we're getting very vulgar and most exceeding low.

IV.

But, worst of all, our Sovereign was wont to go in state
To meet the Lords and Commons, assembled to debate;
And now behind the scenes the Queen, to see wild beasts, must go.
Oh! we're getting very vulgar and most exceeding low.

COMMENCEMENT OF A STORY FOR THE 'JUVENILE LIBRARY.'

By Captain Marryat.

Mr. James Lambert was the son of a merchant and succeeded his father in his business, which was one of long standing; and the house, as it was termed, was considered to be of the first respectability. He was what is called a Turkey merchant—freighting vessels out and home from Smyrna. At his father's death he found himself in possession of a good property, and a thriving business. He lived in the City, and his counting-house was on the lower floor of the house in which he resided. Such used to be the general custom some years ago, and it was a very good one, as it saved both time and expense, and to a merchant time is money. Now, merchants prefer to live at the west end of the town, and have a counting-house in the city; which has only one advantage to offer against the manifold disadvantages of such an arrangement, which is, that the

walk home gives them an appetite for their dinner. Mr. Lambert's affairs continued prosperous, and he married a young lady he fell in with at a ball which he went to at Richmond. Mrs. Lambert, who had lived all her life in the country, was not over pleased at the noise and smoke of the city, but, like all good wives, she did not make her husband uncomfortable by complaints of what she knew could not be helped. She had married a merchant, and was bound to follow his fortunes. She did not therefore tease him into buying a house in the country, but made the best of it, and, moreover, made an excellent wife. They lived very happily for seventeen years, during which time they had a family of two sons and two daughters; and Mr. Lambert had become so wealthy a man that he talked of taking a house in the country, much to his wife's delight, for she had longed for the fresh air although to a certain degree reconciled to a London life. The greatest

pleasure was—for Mr. Lambert now kept his own carriage—to drive down to Tooting, where her two girls were at school, or to Edmonton to see her boys who were at school in that vicinity; and the carriage was, when she returned, always loaded with flowers in pots, and nosegays.

"At the time of their marriage Mr. Lambert received a small dower with his wife—£3,000. Mrs. Lambert and her brother were orphans, and the brother had an estate in Norfolk left to him. This £3,000, was settled upon her and her children. Mrs. Lambert's brother had entered the navy, and had always lived a rambling life, and now they received the intelligence of his death, in the East Indies; and, according to the will of her father, as her brother had died unmarried, the estate in Norfolk fell to Mrs. Lambert and was settled, as well as the £3,000, upon her and her children. It was not a large property, being only about two hundred and fifty acres, but still it was an

addition to Mr. Lambert's wealth; and, about three months after they were in possession of it Mr. Lambert received a letter from the attorney who was his agent, informing him that his tenant, who was very much in arrear, had been thrown from his horse and killed, on his return from market, and wishing to receive his directions, as to what steps should be taken relative to the sale of the stock on the farm and re-letting of the property.

"Now, it had for many years been the custom of Mr. Lambert to take his wife down to some watering place, every autumn; and, when he received this intelligence, he proposed to her that they should go down to Norfolk and see the property which belonged to them. Mrs. Lambert was delighted at the plan, and in consequence Mr. Lambert wrote to his agent, requesting that nothing might be done till his arrival, which would be in the course of three weeks—and begging that he would look out for lodgings

for them, as near to the property as they could be obtained. The agent replied, that there was no house of entertainment within moderate distance of the property; but that, as the furniture, as well as the stock of the farm, was held in distress for the arrears of rent, they could take possession of the house formerly inhabited by the tenant; as it was commodious, and, with a few additions—which he could make, would be comfortable enough.

"At the time proposed, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert went down to Norfolk and were much pleased with the property, which was in one of the most picturesque parts of Norfolk, not very distant from the sea, and about six miles from the retired watering place of Cromer. It appeared that the tenant had been a very dissolute character, almost always in a state of intoxication, and had farmed so badly that the land was much deteriorated; in consequence, no other farmer had come forward to rent the farm; and the

agent advised Mr. Lambert, as there was no immediate prospect of letting it, to appoint a person whom he recommended as a steward, and to carry on the farm with the stock and implements, which, upon being appraised, did not amount to so much as the arrears of rent which was due. As the deceased tenant was a single man, and did not appear to have any relations to come forward as claimants to any residue, and had made no will, Mr. Lambert had no scruple in siezing upon the property which he had left; and, acting upon his agent's advice, he appointed a steward to carry on the farm, for his own benefit. The man appointed was placed under the immediate orders of the agent, who promised to see that justice was done.

"As Mr. Lambert was in no want of money he requested his agent to employ the whole rent of the farm in putting the land in a good state; and not to think about remitting until that was done. After a fortnight's

residence at the house, which, as the agent said, they found very commodious and comfortable, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert returned to London, the latter regretting much that she could not remain in a place where she felt that she could be so happy. As Mrs. Lambert could not help expressing her thoughts her husband smiled, for he had been in every way so prosperous during the last year that he had resolved to purchase a country house as soon as he could find one that would suit him, and he felt that his wife was nearer to her wishes than she could have imagined. We say that Mr. Lambert had been, during the last year, in every way prosperous, and we will explain: not only had it proved so in his mercantile affairs, but in his speculations—for the spirit of speculation was now abroad and the year 18— will be memorable for the madness which possessed so many thousands in the pursuit of gain. Mr. Lambert, like most others, had speculated, and, up to the

present, most favourably. He had every prospect in a few months of doubling his capital, at least so he thought when his wife made the observation which we have referred to.

"But, shortly after his return to London, affairs wore a less promising aspect; and Mr. Lambert would willingly, if he could have so done, have withdrawn himself from all further speculation, and remained satisfied with what he had acquired. This, however, he could not do, and he became anxious and thoughtful. Two months more passed, and Mr. Lambert would have been content to have suffered considerable loss to disentangle himself from his engagements, but it was impossible; and his fretfulness, day after day, and his sleepless nights, was the cause of much anxiety to Mrs. Lambert. Still, although pressed, he would not impart to her the state of his affairs; he was too proud to acknowledge that he had been over-reached; and thus did he continue in a state of feverish dread for some time longer, when the

blow came—and Mr. Lambert discovered, that on waking at morn he had lost nearly if not quite all that he possessed. Perhaps this knowledge was preferable to the state of suspense which he had so long endured. Certain it is that, as soon as he was convinced that his affairs were irretrievable, he no longer hesitated. He imparted to his wife the unpleasing intelligence, and, to his surprise and satisfaction, found that it made little difference in her spirits. Grave she was, for she felt for her husband, but not for herself. As soon as Mr. Lambert had communicated the intelligence to his wife, he lost no time in calling together his creditors and putting his affairs into the hands of trustees.

"After a few months, everything was made all satisfactory—the creditors had the full amount of their demands, and Mr. Lambert found that, of his large income, there remained to him about five hundred pounds to begin the world with again. Still they were not paupers, as the marriage

settlement of Mrs. Lambert, and the estate bequeathed to her and her children yet remained; but at the age of fifty it is hard to commence life again—still harder to appear as a needy person among those who formerly looked up to him as a man of great wealth; and influenced by his wife, who had become doubly dear to him from her conduct during his misfortunes, Mr. Lambert made up his mind that he would retire for the present from business, and live upon their estate in Norfolk. But, although Mr. Lambert had made up his mind to take this step, it was not until after much hesitation and much discussion. The marriage settlement produced about a hundred per annum; the estate had been rented at two hundred and fifty pounds, but the land tax reduced it to two hundred and thirty-five, so that the whole income could only be estimated at three hundred and forty pounds per annum, and they had four children to provide for.

"Poverty and riches are relative; many people would have thought themselves in affluence with such an income, but to Mr. Lambert, who had been lately accustomed to every luxury and to be very regardless of expense, it appeared as if it were something akin to starvation. And then the children—the boys were now fifteen and sixteen years old, and the girls thirteen and eleven; they were at expensive schools where they could not remain. What was to be done? In all these debates and troubles, Mr. Lambert found an excellent adviser as well as a kind consoler in his wife, who was a truly amiable and Christian woman. She pointed out to him that happiness did not depend upon wealth, which brought care to the possessor; she reminded him of the state of anxiety and suspense he had passed through at the time that his riches were sailing away, the toil which he had undergone for so many years, and the repose which his advanced age required.

The boys had now nearly completed their education, and the girls she could teach herself; but what she strove most to urge upon him was, that he should abandon all further ideas of, at any time, resuming his business in London, and live upon his property in Norfolk—cultivating it himself, and living the life of a country gentleman. She pointed out to him how fortunate it was that he had not re-let the property, but had allowed it to remain in his agent's hands that the land might be restored. If they went down, they would now have nothing to do but to take possession of the house, which, at a very little expense, might be rendered not only comfortable, but fit for a respectable family.

"The agent had a good opinion of the steward, who might remain to superintend, and, with their own endeavours, there was every prospect of their being very comfortable, independent, and respected. They might not be wealthy, but they might have

every comfort, and plenty of employment, which would in the end prove the source of happiness. Even, admitting that the boys were brought up as farmers, they would not sink down in the world's opinion, and might be much happier in their country life than if they were to toil at a desk, as he had done for thirty years, and, after all, from the vicissitudes of commerce and speculation, lose what they had acquired. Their daughters would be a source of happiness to them—she would render them useful as well as ornamental, as far as lay in her power; and attending to domestic duties would never be considered degrading in the eyes of any worthy and sensible man who might wish to espouse them.

"All those remarks and many more were continually impressed upon Mr. Lambert, who at last made up his mind that he would do as his wife pointed out. Once having decided, he no longer sought for employment among his former friends, but wrote down

to his agent, apprising him of his intention to reside upon the property. The children were taken from their respective schools, all demands upon him cleared off, and having given the week's notice required in the lodgings to which they had removed when everything was surrendered to his creditors, they commenced their packing up—only waiting for an answer from the agent previous to their starting. The letter came, informing them that all was ready for their reception; and, sending their luggage by a sailing vessel to the port nearest to their estate, the whole family set off in the coach which ran to a town within seven miles of it. A chaise was procured, which conveyed them to their new residence, and, as it was late in the evening, they all gladly retired to the beds which had been prepared for them.

"And now, before I say anything more about this family and what occurred, I will tell my young readers why I am narrating

this little history to them. It is because few young people have any knowledge of farming, and there are no works written by which any knowledge of it may be imparted to children. Those who do not reside altogether in the country hardly know one crop from another—much less, how these crops are raised. Mr. Lambert and his family were as ignorant when they went down into Norfolk; but they soon learnt to be good farmers, as they were not too proud to acknowledge their ignorance and to ask questions. Children know that bread comes from the bakers, and beef from the butchers, but they do not know the art of growing corn or fatting cattle. All knowledge is useful, and a knowledge of farming is more particularly advantageous, as they will then perceive how all the elements are called into action to assist in the wonderful process of vegetation, and how Providence has arranged that the seasons should all perform their respective duties to provide us with

our necessary food, requiring only from man that labour which was his sentence when our first parents were driven from the Garden of Eden. But all this will appear in our little history at convenient times, and will be found more interesting than young people may imagine.

"I must now go on to narrate what took place: but first, I will introduce the family of Mr. Lambert and describe the place at which they have just arrived."

CHAPTER X., AND LAST.

His illness increases—goes to Wimbledon House—Letter to Lord Auckland—Reply, conferring Good Service Pension—Hastings—Loss of the *Avenger*—Lieutenant Frederick Marryat—Brighton—Returns to Langham—Death—Death of Frank Marryat, Esq.—Captain Marryat's last words.

THE cause of Captain Marryat's last illness was the continual rupture of internal blood-vessels, which, not gaining time to heal, resulted in ulceration, which eventually destroyed the coats of the stomach.

The country surgeon not being considered equal to the treatment of the case, Captain Marryat was persuaded to visit London in order to procure further advice; and with this end in view he went in November to his mother's house at Wimbledon, where he

remained for nearly two months, and whence he wrote to Lord Auckland:

"Wimbledon, Dec. 14, 1847.

"My Lord,

When I had the honour of an audience with you, in July last, your lordship's reception was so mortifying to me that, from excitement and annoyance, after I left you I ruptured a blood vessel, which has now for nearly five months laid me on a bed of sickness.

I will pass over much that irritated and vexed me, and refer to one point only. When I pointed out to your lordship the repeated marks of approbation awarded to Captain Chads — and the neglect with which my applications had been received by the Admiralty during so long a period of application—your reply was 'That you could not admit such parallels to be drawn, as Captain Chads was a highly distinguished officer;' thereby implying

that my claims were not to be considered in the same light.

"I trust to be able to prove to your lordship that I was justified in pointing out the difference in the treatment of Captain Chads and myself. The fact is that there are no two officers who have so completely run neck and neck in the service, if I may use the expression. If your lordship will be pleased to examine our respective services previous to the Burmah War, I trust that you will admit that mine have been as creditable as those of that officer, and I may here take the liberty of pointing out to your lordship that Sir G. Cockburn thought proper to make a special mention relative to both our services, and of which your lordship may not be aware.

"During the Burmah war, Captain Chads and I both held the command of a very large force for several months—both were promoted on the same day, and both received the honour of the Order of the Bath—

and, on the thanks of government being voted in the House of Commons to the officers, and on Sir Joseph York, who was a great friend of Captain Chads, proposing that he should be particularly mentioned by name, Sir G. Cockburn rose and said that it would be the height of injustice to mention that officer without mentioning me.

"I trust the above statement will satisfy your lordship that I was not so much to blame when I drew the comparison between our respective treatment—Captain Chads having hoisted his Commodore's pennant in India, having been since appointed to the *Excellent*, and lately received the good service pension; while I have applied in vain for employment, and have met with a reception which I have not deserved.

"And now, my lord, apologizing for the length of this letter, allow me to state the chief cause of my addressing you. It is not to renew my applications for employment, for which my present state of health has

totally unfitted me—it is, that my recovery has been much retarded by a feeling that your lordship could not have departed from your usual courtesy in your reception of me, as you did, if it was not that some misrepresentations of my character had been made to you. This has weighed heavily upon me; and I entreat that your lordship will let me know if such has been the case, and that you will give me an opportunity of justifying myself—which I feel assured that I can do—as I never yet have departed from the conduct of an officer and a gentleman. I am the more anxious upon this point, as, since the total wreck of West India property, I shall have little to leave my children but a good name, which, on their account, becomes doubly precious.

"I have the honour to be

"Your Lordship's obedient,

"humble servant,

"F. MARRYAT."

Lord Auckland's reply to this letter was as follows:

"Admiralty, Dec. 17, 1847.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter has exceedingly surprised me, for I had not the least suspicion that anything had occurred in the conversation which I had with you in July last which could have given you pain. I have no recollection of what passed at that time, but assuredly I had no intention of so wounding you—on the contrary, I know the record of your services to stand handsomely on our books, and I have known your name latterly to stand the first in seniority for consideration upon the vacancy of a good service pension. Your title to such a distinction cannot be doubted, and upon receiving to-day an account of the death of Admiral Nebordean, which has placed one of these pensions at my disposal, I have had great pleasure in naming you to it.

"I am, very faithfully yours,

"AUCKLAND."

In answer to this, Captain Marryat wrote:

"Wimbledon House, Dec. 18.

"My Lord,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship's very kind letter, and to express my regret at any false impression which may have been produced on my mind by your lordship's remarks at the interview to which I alluded.

"Allow me to assure your lordship that I feel myself honoured by the award of the good service pension; it is indeed, under my present circumstances, the most gratifying mark of approval that could be bestowed on me.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your Lordship's obedient,

"humble servant,

"F. Marryat."

Being recommended by his physicians to go for the winter either to a milder climate abroad or to the seaside, Captain Marryat

chose the latter alternative, and in December proceeded to Hastings, where, for a couple of months, he lodged in Wellington Square.

Whilst there he received a letter from his old friend, Sir Alexander Gordon, in which he writes, "From what Lord Auckland said in the House of Lords in answer to a question from Lord Colville, I think you will get a medal for Basque Roads; but when the Admiralty have made up their minds what actions are deserving medals I dare say they will issue another gazette upon the subject."

The following epistle to Miss Laura Jewry, author of 'The Ransom'* (a tale of which, as a work of fiction, Captain Marryat thought very favourably,) was written whilst he was at Hastings. It should be mentioned, in order to render the allusions it contains intelligible, that Miss Jewry was staying at the time at Bohemia

* Republished by Messrs. Warne & Co., under the title of 'The Knight's Ransom.'

Manor, the residence of Mr. Briscoe, where Captain Marryat's daughter had called to see her.

"Hastings, Saturday.

"My dear Miss Jewry,

"Many thanks for your kind present, which will, I have no doubt, afford me much amusement. I return your foreign copy, which, as the saying is, 'is *all Dutch* to me;' but the vignettes are not bad. I really have cause for jealousy, as nobody ever *Hollandized* my works that I am aware of.

"Augusta did come back with the impression that possibly there might be another entrance into the house; but, thrown ashore, as Shakespeare says, upon the coast of Bohemia, she was not quite sure of the manners and customs of the natives. At all events, she did not, like the old lord, fall in with a *bear*, or even a *bore*, but a gentleman who was very gallant, and whose behaviour, she said, was very like that

of an English gentleman. So much for her 'Winter's Tale.'

"Wishing you happiness and success,

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Whilst at Hastings Captain Marryat's health seemed to improve, and at one time it was hoped that the terrible disease which had got hold of him might be overcome, but the news of the loss of H. M. steam frigate *Avenger*, which took place on the 20th of December, 1847, and on board of which his eldest son, Frederick, was lieutenant, gave him such a shock that, from the time he received it, all chance of his recovery gradually faded away.

This fatal disaster, which was occasioned by the *Avenger* striking on a coral reef in the Mediterranean, took place at 10 o'clock at night. Her masts and funnel having gone by the board, the boats were ordered to be cleared away, but the sudden shock,

the danger, and the darkness, caused a panic amongst the men, and, instead of clearing out the boats as desired, they crowded to the starboard gangway.

Lieutenant Rooke saw the imminent danger, and prevailed upon five men and a boy to get into the boat with him, but she had only touched the water when the *Avenger* lurched over on her starboard side, washing every man off the deck. The boat was blown away from the ship, and nothing more was ever seen of her until her wreck was found stuck hard and fast between the Sorelli and Fratelli rocks. She went down with 263 souls on board. Her loss is reckoned amongst the most appalling that have ever happened to our navy.

Mr. Francis Rooke, the third lieutenant, gave the following account of the accident:

"To Sir L. CURTIS, Rear-Admiral and Senior Officer.

"Tunis, Friday, 8 A.M.

"SIR,

"With sorrow I have to report to you the wreck of the steamer *Avenger* on a

coral reef, between the Island of Galita and the mainland. The island bore about N.E., ten or twelve miles, at the time the ship was running under square yards, and also under steam, at the rate of eight or nine knots. She struck about 10 p.m., and in a few minutes was a wreck; her masts and funnel gone, she nearly on her beam-ends with the sea beating over her. The captain and master were on the paddlebox at the time, the captain immediately giving the order, 'out boats,' she having struck so heavily as to convince everybody that the case was hopeless. The master had taken bearings of a cape on the African shore (I forget the name) at 4 p.m. the same day, according to Mr. Betts, second master, who was with me in the cutter, and whose watch it was. On the order (out boats) I ran on deck, and, seeing that not a moment was to be lost, tried to get men and clear the two cutters away. I cast the gripes of the starboard one off, put their falls in their

hands, and then, as I turned, finding the gunner, I got him to assist, with some others, in getting the port one down. Just as the boat I was in took the water, the ship fell on her beam ends, and some heavy seas broke over her, the masts and funnel having gone.

"I waited close to her for an hour and a half, when, the wind and sea increasing and our crew exhausted, I, with the opinion of the rest, thought the only course and best would be to seek assistance, the wind being fair for Galita. The wind and sea had increased greatly, and I thought it impossible for the boat to live: she had a close-reefed mizen, and we steered with oars. I beached her, there being little or no shelter. She upset in the breakers, when four of us reached the shore, the others losing their lives in the attempt."

* * * *

Another account says: "As soon as the vessel struck, Lieutenant Marryat ran on

deck, and, shortly after, a heavy sea broke over her, carrying him forward into the lee waist. Recovering from the shock, he endeavoured and succeeded in getting forward; and, shortly after, the mainmast went by the board, carrying with it the funnel and killing several men"— amongst whom it is supposed that Captain Marryat's gallant young son perished.

An officer on board Sir Charles Napier's squadron, writing to a friend, relates the following anecdote of him: "I think the following gallant act of a fine young fellow belonging to the *Avenger's* gunroom mess (Frederick Marryat, her second lieutenant) ought to be published, for his advantage and the credit of the cloth: One evening, about sunset, as he (Marryat) was walking the quarter-deck, one of the crew went overboard. I cannot tell how; but over he went, and, in far less time than I have taken to write it, over went Marryat after him, and saved him from drowning. On

the following night, about ten o'clock, another fellow fell overboard: Marryat was at the time walking the deck with Captain Dacres; in an instant, over he jumped, but his gallant bravery nearly cost him his life. Just as he reached the lost man (going under from exhaustion), he was seized by him with the tenacity of despair, round the neck by both arms, and so dragged under with him. Both would have inevitably been drowned but for the prompt assistance rendered by Lieutenant Kinsman (first of the *Avenger*) who also jumped overboard, and unlocked the arms of the drowning man from the neck of his brother officer, who has suffered somewhat since from the 'pressure from without' caused by his two cold baths. Frederick laughs at the affair; but it had well-nigh turned out anything but a joke. He is the son of the celebrated novelist, and was in the *Sphynx* when she was wrecked in your neighbourhood last year, and nearly killed

himself then by his exertions to extricate her; for which he was afterwards thanked, if I recollect rightly, by the Admiralty."

* * * *

Lieutenant Marryat had exerted himself greatly on the occasion alluded to, working up to his middle in water until the *Sphynx* was got off the rocks; which was one of the reasons that he was so speedily re-appointed to her sister steamer, the *Avenger*. But far more interesting to his family than the newspaper details was a private letter written to his father by one of the survivors of the *Avenger* (a total stranger to Captain Marryat), in which is said: "The last that was seen of your fine son was on deck, upbraiding, in his jocular manner, some people who were frightened, when a sea swept over the ship, and took him with it." And the writer, an old acquaintance of Lieutenant Marryat's, adds: "The sea never took before a nobler, braver, or a better heart."

He spoke truly; for Lieutenant Marryat, just then entering on his career, was a most promising young officer. In person, he was tall, dark, and muscular; in mind, he gave evidence of great talent and ability; and in character, he was honest, brave, and affectionate, and worthy to be the son of a clever and courageous man. He was born in October, 1819, and had, therefore, but just completed his twenty-eighth year when he died. His loss (which left Captain Marryat with only one surviving son) had, as has been before recorded, a great effect upon his father, already debilitated by months of protracted illness, and much accelerated his approaching end. From the time he received the intelligence he derived little benefit from a place which had become fraught with sad remembrance to him, and in February 1848 he left Hastings for Brighton; whence he addressed the following letter to his goddaughter:

"Brighton, Feb. 25, 1848.

"MY DEAR F——,

"This morning, I received your muffler and muffetees, and very nice ones they are. It must have taken some time to make them; and it was very kind of your mamma to help you. I intend to put them on to-morrow morning, if the weather is fine and I can go out; and I do not doubt but that they will be very warm and comfortable, and, as you say, I shall get some good out of them before the winter is over. You ask me how I liked Hastings. I did not like it at all. We were two months there, and we had only six or seven days of sunshine; all the rest of the time it was a thick sea fog, which did me great harm; and, when I left it, I think I was not so well as when I went there. I will see, when I go back to Langham, if the gardener has any seeds; he may have some annuals, but I do not know if they will be worth sending. I shall be very happy

to give you something for your Ragged School, but I do not know how to send it. The ducks have all left the decoy, or we could have sent the money in the hamper with some ducks for Mamma, so we must wait for an opportunity.

"I really cannot answer your question as to whether I can come to see you this year or not, as Frank will wish to have a run, after being so long at Langham, and if he goes away I must remain there; but we will hope that we may meet again very soon. I hope you are a very good little girl, and that you pray God with all your heart to keep you good and obedient to your papa and mamma; for you know that I am your godpapa, and that I promised for you, when you where a little baby, that you would do so; and if you do not, God will say that I have not kept my promise that I made. I cannot be with you, but your mamma will see that you do it, and you must obey her in everything. And now, good-

bye, my dear child. Write to me again when you have time, and believe me,

"Your affectionate godpapa,

"F. MARRYAT."

That his friends had very little idea that his illness was likely to terminate fatally, and so soon, may be gathered from the following letter, written by the most intimate of his literary allies, Charles Dickens.

"Brighton,
"Monday, March 6, 1848.

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"I was coming round to see you this morning, but find myself obliged to go to London, by the 2 o'clock train, with no time for preparation. As I shall not be back until to-morrow night, and as I fear you will have left in the interval, I write this to say that Kate and I were delighted to find you had been here and were so happily recovered from your illness. I assure you, my dear fellow, I was heartily

rejoiced, and drank your health at dinner with all the honours.

"Do write me word, in Devonshire Terrace, some fortnight hence, where you are and how you are; and, if you be within reach, let us foregather, and bring old Stanfield from his saints and missals to join us.

"In great haste,

"Most heartily yours;

"CHARLES DICKENS."

After remaining a month at Brighton Captain Marryat returned to London, for the purpose of having a consultation held upon his case. When it was concluded he re-entered the room where some of his family were assembled, anxiously awaiting the issue, with an undisturbed and half-smiling countenance. On being asked the opinion of the doctors, he replied, "They say that in six months I shall be numbered with my forefathers," and this opinion was a

prophecy, for he did not live until the end of the following August.

After this verdict, Captain Marryat lost no time in returning to Langham; where he remained until his death, putting his house, both literally and spiritually, "in order."

The succeeding letter could not have been written very long after his return.

"Langham, Sunday.

"MY DEAR PALLISER,

"I am up again for a few hours a day, and I believe and hope that I have stopped the bleeding, as I have had no return up to the present. I have done it by starvation, having many days lived upon lemonade only, until I was reduced to a little above nothing. I must still be very careful, but I think I have gained the point. Many thanks for china, which I have just seen. The pieces sent are very useful to me, and I am much obliged.

"Mr. P—— came here on Friday afternoon, having left London at 11 o'clock. He remained here two hours, and then went back to catch the 10 or 11 o'clock train, so that he must have arrived in London at four the next morning; which makes his time not twenty-four hours, instead of two days and a night. I do think that £20 is enough, myself, but still I am no judge, and leave it entirely to you and my mother. I wish it settled, as I have not yet thanked my mother, which I wish to do as soon and all is arranged.

"Love to Fanny, who I hope is safe by this time. I hope you can read this scrawl, but I am very weak and my head swims and my hand shakes.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

He became gradually weaker and weaker, both in mind and body (his disease having culminated in atrophy), so that he slipped

away, as it were, by slow degrees, dying at the last without pain.

In the boudoir before mentioned, the "room of a thousand columns," with the mimic sky, and birds, and flowers, above and around him, he chose to lie upon a mattress, placed on the ground, and there, almost in darkness, often in pain, and without occupation, he lay—cheerful and uncomplaining, and at times even humorous—through the long hours of the summer of 1848.

Although his mind more often wandered in delirium than not, he would have story-books read out to him, or the leading articles in the newspapers, accurately correcting the pronunciation of the longer words, and insisting upon a full stop being made whenever there appeared a doubt of the young reader's comprehension of the paragraph she stumbled over.

Here, each morning, a bouquet of fresh flowers was brought to him, that he might

enjoy their perfume, and the more fancifully it was arranged and tied together, the better he was pleased. His favourite flowers were clove pinks and moss roses, and after his death a large bunch of them was found pressed between his body and the mattress. Often, when his mind was wandering, he would dictate whole pages of what he fancied literature; and the remembrance of his books, his friends, and the opinion of the world, would chase one another through his mind, and hold "high revel" in his over-excited brain.

In the dreamy condition produced by constant doses of morphia he held stirring imaginary conversations with Dickens, or Bulwer, or some of his old shipmates; and one of the last things he dictated was a farewell address to the world, which he signed with his name.

From having been rather brusque and ready in his manners, he became as gentle as a little child and as easily amused; and

to those who had known his mind in its giant strength no sight could have been more touching than that of his submissive death.

In the early morning of the ninth of August, 1848, just about dawn, he was lying, apparently asleep; when his housekeeper, who had nursed him most faithfully throughout his long illness, and was watching beside him at the moment, heard him murmur a sentence of the Lord's Prayer; as he finished it he gave a short sigh, a shiver passed through his frame, and he was gone.

And so passed away from amongst us that master intellect, of whom was published shortly afterwards that "few men had written so much and so well as Captain Marryat. To the last his literary powers remained unabated, and, by common consent, he is *facile princeps* among the delineators of naval character and naval life." And it is an answer to the question so often raised, of whether works of fiction

can do any real good in this world, that the Admiralty adopted several hints from Captain Marryat's novels for which the English navy owe him thanks; and one is, that, in consequence of a scene his pen depicted, no sailor (except in case of mutiny) can be punished for an offence within twenty-four hours of its committal, whereas in former times it could be done at once.

It was by his own particular request, left in writing, that Captain Marryat had a walking funeral, and, instead of being conveyed to the family vault at Wimbledon, was buried with as little expense as possible in the country churchyard at Langham. He had named the men on the estate whom he wished to carry him to the grave (amongst whom was Barnes, the poacher-gamekeeper), and on the morning of his funeral the lawn and drive of the manor were crowded with uninvited but sincere mourners, to pay the last token of love and respect to his memory.

A deputation of blue-jackets, from the adjacent coast-guard station, volunteered their services as bearers on the occasion; but this offer could not be accepted, to the exclusion of his own men. He lies in a vault in Langham churchyard, and in the church his name, together with those of his two sons, Frederick and Frank (the latter of whom survived his father but a few years), is recorded on a white marble tablet.

At the time of his death, Captain Marryat was in his fifty-sixth year.

He was the father of four sons and seven daughters, five of whom are living. His widow also survives him.

Of his sons he lost Norman in 1823, William in 1826, and Frederick in 1847, whilst Frank, the youngest, died from rapid decline, the result of an attack of yellow fever, on the 12th of August, 1855, in his twenty-ninth year. He was a young man of as great promise as his brother, and had

displayed considerable talent as a draughtsman. He was the author of two works, illustrated by himself, 'Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago,' which was published when he was only nineteen years old, and 'Mountains and Molehills, or Recollections of a Burnt Journal,' which appeared a few months before his death.

The following notice of that event was written by one of his reviewers:

"It is with the most sincere regret that we announce the decease of Mr. Marryat, author of 'Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago,' and of 'Mountains and Molehills,' the latter a work published at the commencement of this year, and which has been most favourably received by the reading public.

"Mr. Marryat died at his residence, Mercer Lodge, Kensington, on Thursday, the 12th instant, at noon, after a severe illness of more than six months' duration. He was the fourth son of the late Captain

Marryat, R.N., the eminent novelist, and was born on the 3rd of April, 1826. Like his elder brother he early displayed an invincible longing for the sea, and was consequently entered a midshipman at the age of fourteen. Previously to this, he had received as large an amount of education as possible—first at Paris, and afterwards in a school at Wimbledon. Happily, in these days, the young midshipman's education is still carried on, even in matters not strictly professional, and this was the case with young Marryat on board the *Vanguard*, Captain Sir David Dunn.

"In the *Vanguard* he cruized principally in the Mediterranean, and was afterwards entered in the *Samarang*, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, ordered on a surveying expedition in the Indian Archipelago. * *

"In his work on Borneo, Mr. Marryat has given a very agreeable and instructive account of his four years' cruize in the *Samarang*, 1843-1847.

On his return home he resided for some time at Langham, in Norfolk, with his father, who lost his eldest son in the *Avenger*.

"Captain Marryat himself died in August, 1848, and his son, by no means tired of a roving life, now resolved to seek fresh adventures. The field he chose was California, with reference to which he penned his work 'Mountains and Molehills,' to our mind one of the most delightful books of travel ever written. The writer of this article little thought, when reviewing it a short while since for the readers of the 'Critic,' that he would so soon be called upon to notice the death of its talented author. On his second journey to California Mr. Marryat had a severe attack of yellow fever. This, it is presumed, enfeebled his constitution, although, upon his return to England, it may not have been quite apparent. On Christmas Eve last, however, he ruptured a blood vessel, and subsequently showed strong symptoms of consumption, and it

was of this disease he died on Thursday last, at the early age of twenty-nine. Of Mr. Marryat, as a literary man, much was to have been expected had he been spared to us. Indeed we hear that even during his last illness he was engaged upon a work of fiction, of which he has left behind him some chapters. In society his manners were most agreeable, and his conversation showed that delicate kind of humour as well as keen observation of mankind, which, with his other qualifications, will cause his loss to be keenly felt by everyone that was acquainted with him."

The eulogiums of this writer, whoever he may be, were not misplaced; and in Frank Marryat perished the last chance of his father's name and talents being transmitted to posterity.

* * * *

During the course of this biography, Captain Marryat has been presented to the reader in the twofold character of a man of business and a man of pleasure; but nothing

has been said with regard to his feelings on subjects of a higher nature. The reason is obvious: he was not a person to speak or write of such things himself, and a biographer has no business to meddle with any facts below the surface. Yet, in his last delirium, when his mind, unloosed from self-control, wandered without any apparent aim, and no power was retained of keeping back the thoughts that rose uppermost, Captain Marryat, at different times, and among many others, dictated the following words; and it is felt that these sketches cannot be more appropriately concluded than by their quotation. They are given without comment —they need none.

* * * *

"What a wonderful thing GOD is! How little do we know of Him at first! We know how He makes us suffer, at times. How the clouds of ignorance have fallen away, on every side, within these last few months!"

* * * *

"Oh! GOD of truth, we can but look on and wonder! One idea of Thine would fill the whole world. I think (if one can imagine such a thing) that I behold Thee. Oh! how near, and yet how far off, with Thy wonderful plan for regenerating the whole earth—a plan by which Thou hast changed darkness into light! I feel how near, as we approach Thee, we become like unto Thee, although immensely far distant. When wilt Thou permit me to see more? At present, I have been running away when I should have approached Thee. Every second sweeps away an age of folly. What an immense ocean is one second of time! Surely, O GOD, Thou wilt never reject one Thou hast permitted to approach Thee! When wilt Thou teach us more?"

* * * * *

"The hardest trial, the strongest duty demanded, appears to be, to wait upon the LORD. There is more matter—more everything—in one single verse of the Psalms of

David, than in all that human pen hath written; I see that, already. What shall I know hereafter of that wonderful book which now is tossed about by millions with contempt?"

* * * *

"Oh! GOD Almighty, Who know'st that one single tear drawn forth from me now is, in its demand upon my strength, equal to thousands of armed men; turn aside a moment, that I may entreat Thy pity! Forgive me, O LORD, my want of patience, Thou hast kept me very long! No one can feel how long, but those who wait for Thee. Hear me, O Lord, and let me come to Thee! I am tired, and I have no rest. Oh! Thy will be done; but suffer me to come to Thee! It cannot be long now, O LORD. Oh! let me pass the shadow; for I want repose! I come to Thee as a little child—with nothing—for all is useless. Oh! suffer me to cling to the foot of the Cross which made and is redeeming the world! The

grave is my rest, until I am wanted to wake up."

* * * *

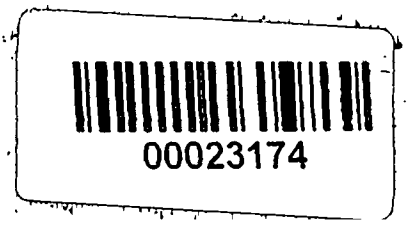
"I make these remarks, as some day or other they will be curious to the reader. 'Tis a lovely day, and Augusta has just brought me three pinks and three roses, and the bouquet is charming. I have opened the window, and the air is delightful. It is now exactly nine o'clock in the morning, and I am lying on a bed in a place called Langham, two miles from the sea, on the coast of Norfolk. As those who read this will probably hear how strangely life has been preserved in me for many days, I shall ask myself before them how I feel. To use the common sense of the word, I am happy. I have no sensation of hunger whatever, or of thirst; my taste is not impaired; my intellect, notwithstanding the narcotics, is this morning, I think, very pure; but the great question is, 'How do I feel, if I may use the term, as an isolated

Christian, towards GOD?' I feel that I love Him, and, were my reasoning powers greater, could love Him much more. Indeed, it must be so; as I consider all the passions permitted to violate the heart of man have turned aside from me, to where they can find more matter to feed upon. After years of casual, and, latterly, months of intense thought, I feel convinced that Christianity is true, and the only religion that can be practised on this earth; that the basis of Christianity is love; and tha GOD is love. To attempt to establish any other creed will only, in the end, be folly. But Christianity must be implanted in the breast of youth; there must be a bias towards it given at an early age. It is now half-past nine o'clock. World, adieu!"

* * * *

These were the last words that he ever dictated.

THE END.



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